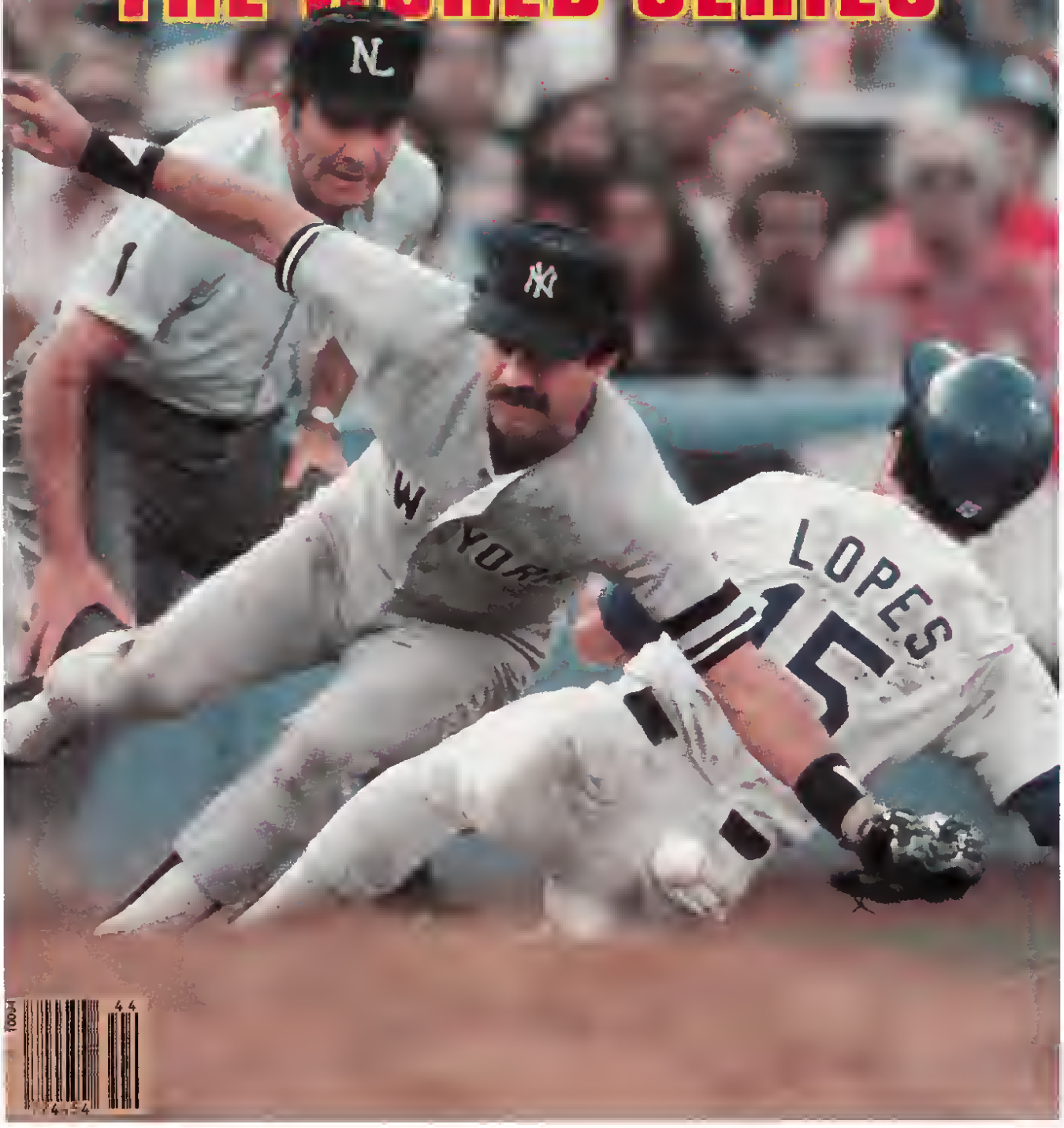
THE SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS: BEST IN THE WEST

ALBERTO SALAZAR'S WORLD-RECORD NEW YORK MARATHON

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 2, 1981 $1.50

THE WORLD SERIES



America's Driving Machines 1982





Dodge 400–The new personal driving machine. Luxury. High performance. High mile



Omni Miser–The highest highway gasoline mileage ever achieved in an American car.



Mirada–The personal car engineered for excellence.



024 Miser–The highest mileage front-wheel-drive American sports coupe.



Aries K 2-door–America's highest mileage 6-passenger coupe.


Aries K 4-door–America's highest mileage 6-passenger sedan.
Aries K wagon–America's highest mileage 6-passenger wagon.
Charger 2.2–A lot of go without the guzzle. 0 to 50 in 6.6 seconds, 41 26 mpg.*

The new Dodges.

The 1982 front-wheel-drive Dodges get you off the mark fast They hug the road when you're taking a turn or cresting a hill. They slip deftly into narrow parking spaces Sophisticated technology propels them, and graceful aerodynamics ease them through the wind They have the characteristics of the traditional European driving machines, but they're American, designed to meet today's realities. That means the new Dodges carry full size adults with room to spare. They perform as brilliantly at the pump as on the road And, most exciting of all, you can afford them

Driving excellence by design

Tests this year showed that our new Charger 2 2 can go from 0 to 50 mph in 6.6 seconds That's faster than a Datsun 280ZX and Porsche 924 In comparisons of EPA estimated highway fuel efficiency, Dodge Omni Miser is rated to drive further on one gallon of gasoline than every Datsun model Our Aries K has a smaller turning radius than Chevy Citation, so you can maneuver more easily out of a tight spot. All this mastery of the road helps no accident. It comes from Dodge technology. Our advanced front-wheel-drive helps you grip the pavement, even when it's slick or wet. Our MacPherson strut suspension lets you feel the road without suffering the potholes And rack-and-pinion steering gives you pin-point accuracy in hairpin turns

Superior mpg

American driving machines also excel in driving past the pump. Our Omni Miser, for example, achieves the highest highway gasoline mileage of any American built car. Chrysler Corporation cars have a projected corporate average fuel economy of 28 mpg. In fact, with our new 1982 cars we will have achieved fuel efficiency standards 3 years ahead of the EPA deadline for the auto industry.

High technology manufacture for high quality driving machines

Our 1982 Omni's, 024's, Chargers and Aries K's are built in some of the world's most technologically sophisticated plants We use robots in making body welds, because robots weld more precisely than people We've installed automatic "robogates" that assemble cars tightly and accurately. This advanced technology is paying off. Our 1982 Trans-4 engines are the best quality Dodge has ever made. And in tests of ride, drive, style and convenience, the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute found that consumers** consistently preferred Dodge over the competition For example, consumers chose the 1981 Dodge 024 over Datsun 200SX by 39 to 11, and they preferred Dodge Omni to VW Rabbit by 42 to 8

Above-standard equipment

American driving machines are fitted out for civilized driving. The 1982 rear-wheel-drive Dodge Mirada, for example, has as standard equipment power steering, power brakes and automatic transmission On Omni E-Type Euro Sedan and Charger 2 2, standard equipment includes dual reclining sport bucket seats But the real hallmark of the '82 Dodges is the care we've given to achieving quiet Our engineers have muted the 400 as well as our K cars with extensive sound-proofing, so you get an astonishingly silent ride

Low operating cost

Once you own an American driving machine you'll find it's a bargain to drive First, there's that terrific fuel efficiency So you save on gas. Second, all our Trans-4 engines have their service parts up front and easy to reach. That means you can do the work yourself and save on servicing What's more, you pay less on scheduled maintenance too. After 50,000 miles, for example, our 1981 Aries K come in with substantially lower scheduled maintenance costs than Ford Escort or Chevy Citation

1981 prices for 1982 cars.

We've held the line on price on the Dodges America wants most. For 1982, base sticker prices on all Omni's and all base model Aries K Coupes and Sedans will be the same as 1981 Check the chart below to see how low prices are on Dodge's American driving machines

			EPA est mpg	
Dodge 400			41	5
Charger 2 2	$5		41	5
024 Miser	$9	$6		
Aries K Wagon	$8 10			
Aries K	$6			
Aries K Sedan	$ 07	$ 13		
	$	$8 61		

High resale value

Finally, if and when you sell your front-wheel-drive Dodge, you may get a very welcome surprise—the resale price. According to recent National Automobile Dealers Association Used Car Guides, the 1981 Aries K Coupe, for example, retained 85 6% of its original price, and Omni's and 024's built during the last 3 years are retaining over 85% of their original sticker price. So Dodge American driving machines are easy on your budget when you buy, when you drive and when you sell

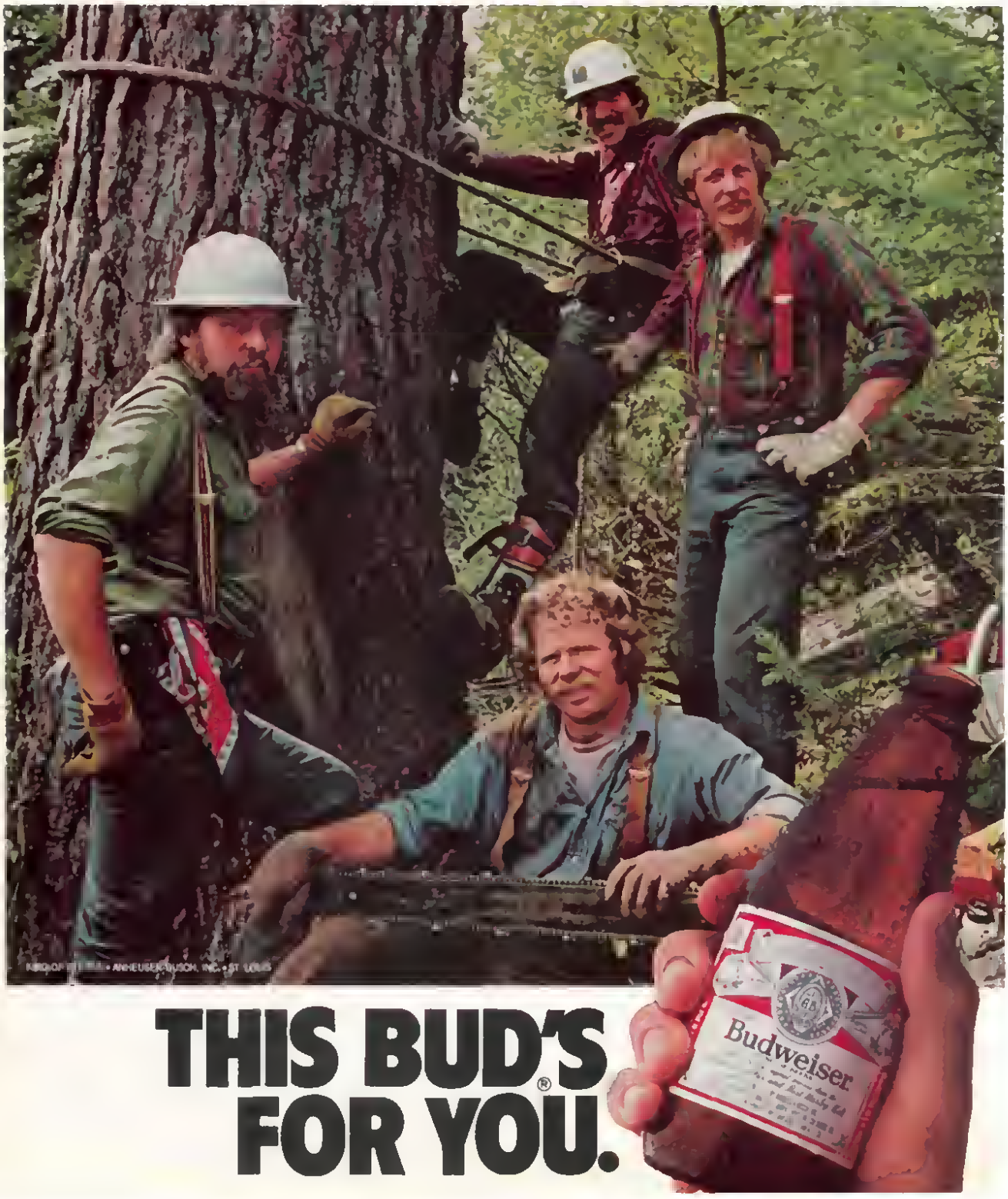
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America's Driving Machines

for ... Your mileage may vary depending on speed ... weather ... highway mileage will probably be ... lower. ... area. ... Starting prices exclude taxes and destination charges. $58 extra ... Aries K Omni Miser ... $52 ... Aries K Coupe and Sedan

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Sports Illustrated

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50 **The 49ers Are Really Panning Out**

Led by Fred Dean, its newly acquired pass-rush specialist, San Francisco is atop the NFC West and looking good as gold **by Paul Zimmerman**

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Sean O'Grady was the WBA lightweight champion and did just as Dad wanted, and that's why he lost the title **by E.M. Swift**

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September 29, 1981

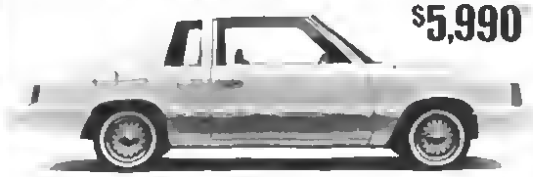


Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman
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Lee Iacocca announced that Chrysler Corporation is holding the price line on these popular high-mileage, front-wheel-drive cars.

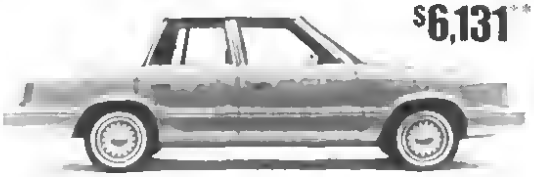
'82 CARS AT '81 PRICES

'82 Dodge Aries K Base 2-Dr
'82 Plymouth Reliant K Base 2-Dr
41 26
$5,990



$764 less than Chevrolet Citation Hatchback Coupe
$1,136 less than Ford Granada L 2-dr Sedan

'82 Dodge Aries K Base 4-Dr
'82 Plymouth Reliant K Base 4-Dr
41 26
$6,131**



$1,443 less than Oldsmobile Omega 4 dr Sedan
$1,170 less than Ford Granada L 4-dr Sedan

'82 Dodge Omni Miser 4-Dr Hbk
'82 Plymouth Horizon Miser 4-Dr Hbk
52 35
$5,499**



$1,638 less than Chevrolet Cavalier 4-dr Sedan
$764 less than Ford Escort L 4-dr Hatchback

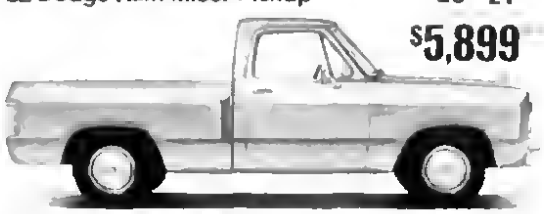
'82 Dodge Omni Custom 4-Dr Hbk
'82 Plymouth Horizon Custom 4-Dr Hbk
47 30
$5,927**



$1,276 less than Pontiac J 2000 4-dr Sedan
$695 less than Ford Escort GL 4-dr Hatchback

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'82 Dodge Ram Miser Pickup
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$5,899



$665 less than Chevrolet C-10 Pickup
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[illegible] mileage may vary depending [illegible] speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage [illegible] MPG. Actual [illegible] MPG. [illegible] AL HI LA MA MS NE NY PA WA [illegible]
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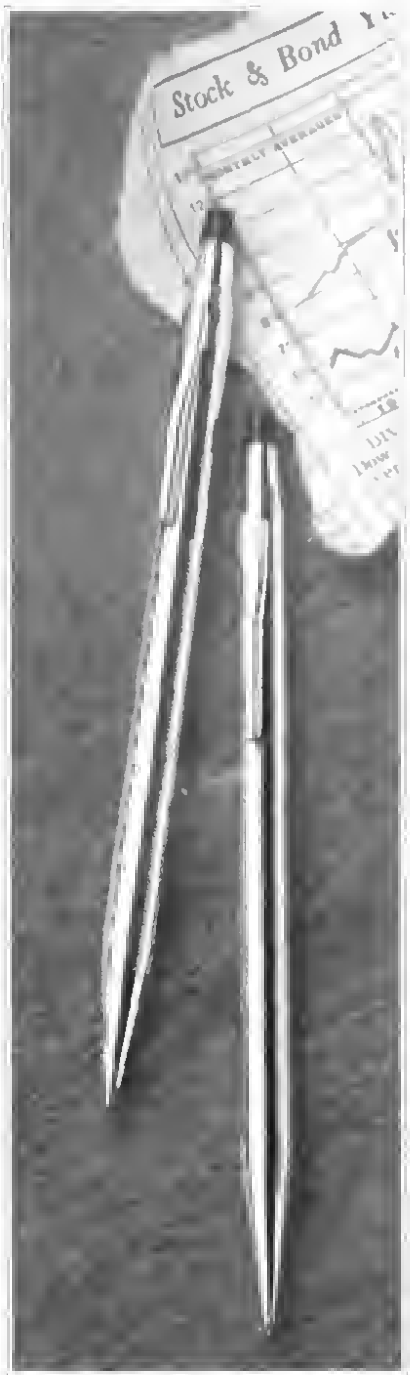
$300		$500	
$300		$500	
$300		$600	
$300		$600	
$400		$600	
$400		$700	
$500		$1000	
$500		$1000	
$500		$1000	

$300 to $1000

$300 to $1000

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The prattle of an IBM Selectric broke the nocturnal silence of our offices last Friday as Margaret Sieck (as in hide-and-go) wrote no-thank-you letters to freelance writers. Sieck, who came to SI 14 months ago, has been editing our regionals—the articles headed VIEWPOINT, YESTERDAY, BOOKTALK, REMINISCENCE, etc. found in the front and back of the magazine—while Associate Editor Linda Verigan is away on maternity leave. (It was a girl, Christina, born Sept. 12.)

This is the busiest time of year for regionals; Sieck edits, writes headlines and coordinates artwork for as many as eight stories a week while weeding her way through dozens of potential articles and story ideas. The job demands an unflappable person, and in Sieck, an ardent Red Sox fan, we have someone who is both patient and resilient.

During the four years she spent at *Boating*, before she joined us, Sieck wrote, edited and took photographs. In addition to her cruising stories, she recalls having written "many thousands of words on bilge pumps" and a comparison of marine sanitation devices. Sieck was a natural for *Boating*: Her father, John, spent 20 years in the Navy and she grew up in a series of such seaside towns as Norfolk, Va., Huntington, N.Y. and Newport, R.I.

But that Sieck finally wound up at SI will come as a surprise to some of her old prep school classmates. At Northfield-Mount Hermon in Northfield, Mass., Sieck ('72) shunned athletes and athletics alike. "I thought they were lowbrow," she says, laughing. "I was into student politics." That changed. Faced with a gym requirement as a Princeton freshman, Sieck attended a meeting for prospective crew members. "The varsity captain got up and told the group that any one of us might take her seat." Sieck recalls. "'Right,' we said. It was a nice way to encourage us, but there was no way any of us were going to take *her* seat."

"I gave my life over to crew," Margaret adds. And with spectacular results. By racing season she had earned a place in the varsity eight, taking the No. 7 seat from, you guessed it, the captain.



SIECK: FROM BILGE PUMPS TO BOOKTALK

The Tigers won all their regular-season races that year and finished third at the nationals. Sieck, who drew disbelieving stares when she returned to Northfield-Mount Hermon with a varsity sweater, began dreaming about and planning for the '76 Olympics. But her aspirations were dashed when she tore cartilage in her left knee playing basketball the next fall. "The doctor said, 'You have an option: You can row competitively for another year or walk for the rest of your life.' " Sieck says. "I made the more pedestrian choice." She lowered her oar and raised her pen, writing sports features for *The Daily Princetonian*, as a junior. The next year she earned a seat in a writing seminar, "The Literature of Fact," taught by John McPhee, noted contributor to *The New Yorker*. "It was the best course I ever took," she says.

Sieck's Namath knees haven't forced her to retire from active sports. She still plays tennis and golf, roller-skates and often pitches for our softball team, another activity that enables Sieck to display her remarkable ability to, as one friend describes it, "transcend any and all difficulties."

Philip D. Hoblet

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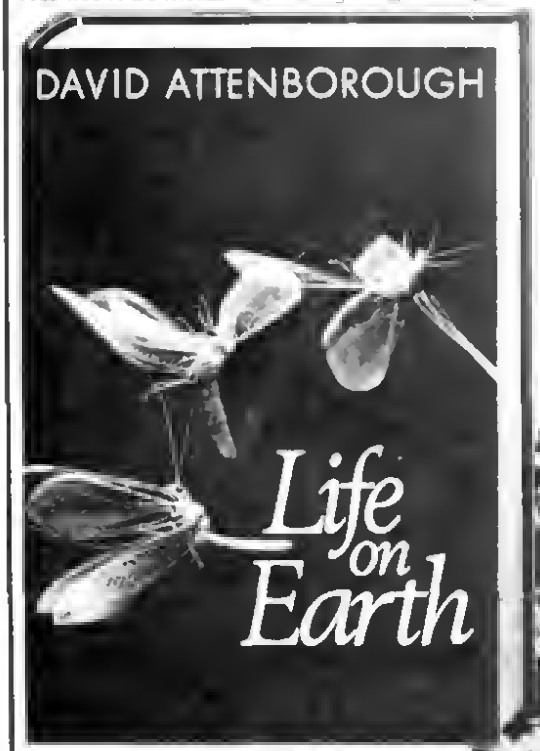
John Sparks

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

'TIS BETTER NEITHER TO GUIDE NOR TO BE GUIDED, SAYS THIS OUTDOORSMAN

Want to bag a record elk in Montana? Hunt 21 species of duck in Alaska's "Banana Belt"? Or go fly-fishing in the "nearly virgin Jungle waters of Colombia," or the "secret pools" of Patagonia, or "the heart of Tasmanian Devil country"? All those things and many more are possible according to ads in the outdoor magazines I leaf through from time to time.

What these ads are really offering are the services of a guide, with some amenities thrown in. And it isn't necessarily all that terrific to be one of those guides. I know, because for two summers I worked as one at a fishing lodge, taking guests out on a difficult, even dangerous, steelhead river. I found that the customers blamed me for all their failures as fishermen, no matter how inept or heedless of my advice they were, while their successes were pretty much taken for granted. In the end I was convinced that although fishing is almost always fun, taking people fishing almost never is.

In the ensuing years I wondered what it would be like to be on the other side of the fence, to pay a guide for his knowledge and assistance, thereby relinquishing my own responsibility for failure or success. So this spring my son and I took a guided two-day fishing trip on Oregon's Deschutes River, one of the best-known trout streams in the state.

We had an excellent guide and hooked more rainbows than I could count. Everything went smoothly, but I realized from the very beginning that I wasn't enjoying the trip as much as I thought I would. It



Now you can park a



became clearer than ever that, ideally, outdoor sports are meant to be individual pursuits. With our guide telling us where to wade and showing us the best places to cast flies, our sense of accomplishment was severely diminished. The fishing was fun all right, but it certainly wasn't as much fun as it could have been.

So it's probably fortunate that I didn't go to Tasmania or Patagonia. The reliance of the client on his guide and the pressure on the guide to produce results would inevitably be magnified on an expensive trip to some exotic place. In any such situation, if the guide fails, the client is likely to feel badly cheated; if the guide succeeds, the client will almost surely accept success as his due. In this process, genuine satisfaction on either side would be very difficult to come by.

Of course, I realize that there are many instances in which guides are necessary or, at least, highly desirable. Skillful hunters and fishermen, no matter how wealthy they may be, are rarely blessed with sufficient free time to learn unfamiliar areas on their own, and local knowledge is almost always a prerequisite to hunting or fishing success. Thus, even the seemingly exorbitant prices charged by many guides are in fact quite reasonable when one bears in mind that the client is buying a lifetime of experience. An outdoorsman in a foreign land—or in an unfamiliar part of his own country—will probably see and experience more in a day or a week with a guide than he would in a month or a year without one.

Yet, whenever one person pays another to assist in catching a fish or tracking down an animal, the customer makes total satisfaction from that experience an impossibility. Having seen it from both sides, I now have a heightened appreciation of being on my own and feel very fortunate that my personal circumstances make it possible for me to hunt and fish that way. **END**



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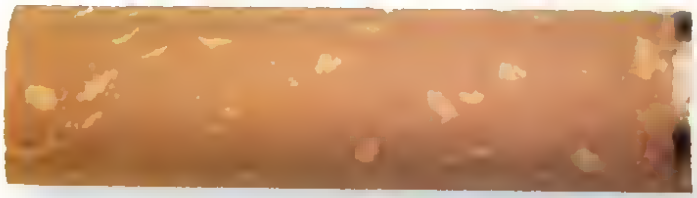
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Sideline

by RICHARD ROGIN

THESE TRACK AND FIELD TABLES ALLOW YOU TO COMPARE APPLES AND ORANGES

Sebastian Coe's 3:47.33 world-record mile run in Brussels in late summer didn't surprise me one bit. After all, the Portuguese scoring tables predicted just that time.

The Portuguese *what*? The explanation is forthcoming, but first let's back up to a point early in the recently concluded track and field season.

Toward the end of last spring, in Florence, with 15,000 fans cheering him on, Coe sprinted through the finish line of an 800-meter run, his head tilted back, his face in the grimace that has become so familiar, his right hand fisted, in 1:41.72 to break his own world record by an impressive .61 second.

"I have to think," said a happy Coe afterward, "that [this] is a better relative athletic performance than my mile in three minutes 49 seconds." Coe was referring to his world-record (actually 3:48.95) run in Oslo in 1979. It was his best performance at the distance until he and his English countryman, Steve Ovett, successively lowered Ovett's 1980 world record of 3:48.8 in a frenzy of record breaking this summer.

A few days before Coe's marvelous performance in the Florence 800, my son, Frank, a high school junior, had placed sixth in the 800 in a big nighttime invitational meet. His eyes searching wearily for the finish, he crossed the line in 1:59.42, a personal best.

As he warmed down, he wondered, as he had so often that spring after finishing races at 800 and 1,500 meters, sometimes even tripling in the 3,000, what his time was worth in terms of that classic distance, the mile.

I am a track nut, familiar with a collection of intriguing, somewhat speculative, track and field comparative performance scoring tables. The tables try to match the apples and oranges of disparate events against each other, using mathematical velocity-based formulas and world-class performances. The first tables were created back in 1912 to score the decathlon at the Stockholm Olympic Games and have

continued

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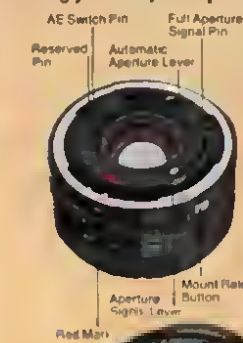


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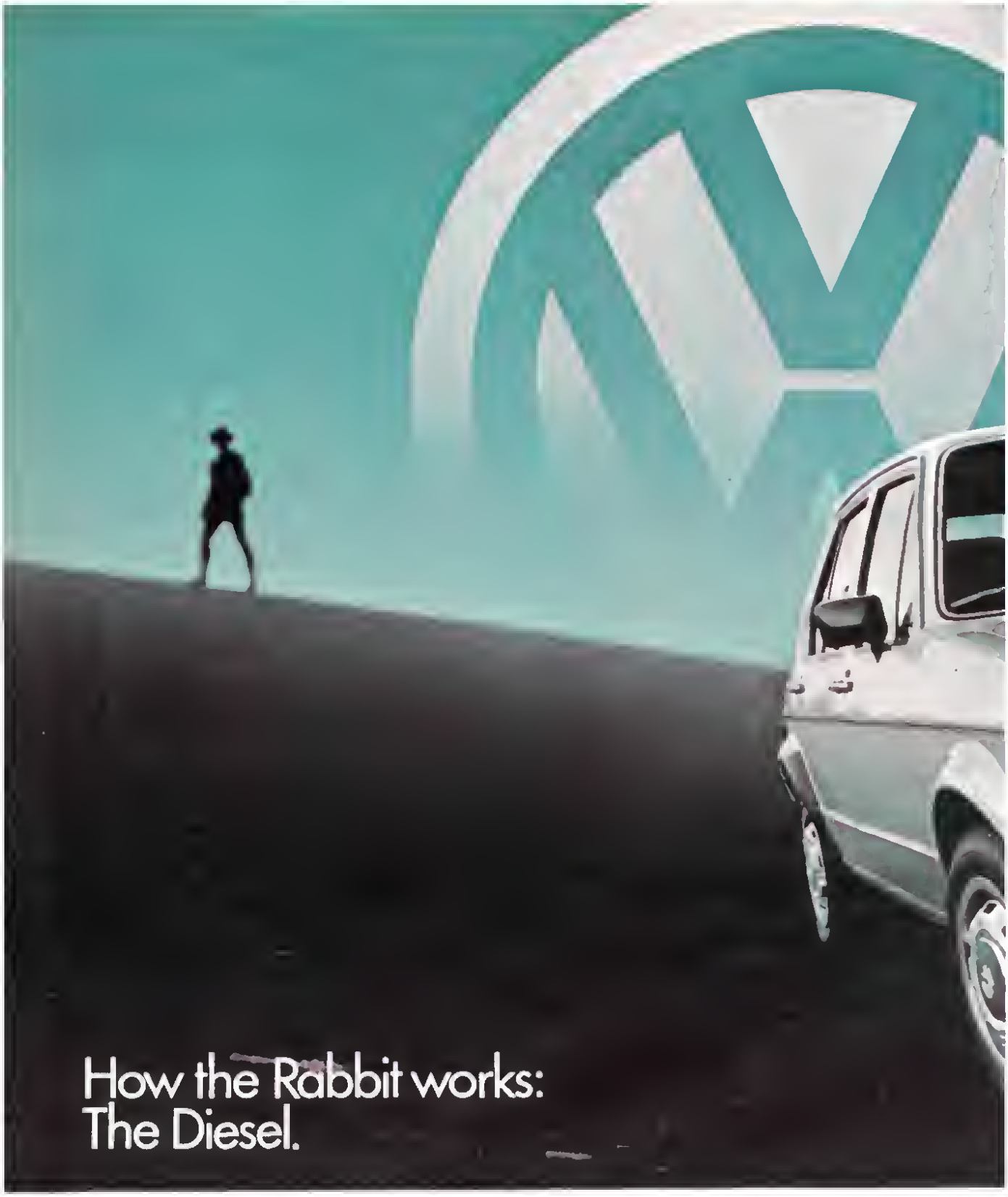
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The 1982 Volkswagen Rabbit with its diesel engine not only accomplishes that goal admirably it does it better than any other car on the road.*

The engine operates on Rudolf Diesel's principle of compression ignition. That is, fuel injected into a cylinder filled with hot compressed air ignites instantly and it doesn't need spark plugs, coils or a distributor.



But the Rabbit has features that would impress even Dr. Diesel. It has a faster 7 sec. glow plug warm-up time, a unique upshift light that tells you exactly when to shift for optimum mileage, and an incredibly light engine that gives the car excellent pickup and passing power.

Add that to front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, and all the other details found on a Rabbit and you wind up with a diesel that behaves like a Volkswagen.

And nothing short of one.

*EPA estimated 45 mpg, 58 highway estimate. (Use estimated mpg for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)



Nothing brightens up an audience like a star from the world of sport. And the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Speakers Bureau has 2000 of them ready to sparkle at sales meetings, award dinners, conventions, store openings or wherever else the color and excitement of sports can help you shine.

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Sports Illustrated
Speakers Bureau

since been repeatedly revised and expanded, as is the wont of statisticians, beyond the needs of the decathlon, pentathlon and heptathlon.

I had three tables to refer to in order to answer my son's question: the so-called Portuguese tables (*Systeme Rationnel pour Classer les Performances Athlétiques*), devised by the Portuguese mathematician Fernando Amado and revised in 1962, the International Amateur Athletic Federation (IAAF) tables, published in 1962 and amended in 1970 and 1977, and the scoring tables of J. Gerry Purdy, an American computer scientist, which were last revised in 1975.

Therefore, I had some fairly reasonable estimates of the mile equivalent of Frank's 800. The times ranged from 4:25.8 (Portuguese) to 4:27.6 (IAAF) to 4:29.2 (Purdy), all of which led to a great deal of theoretical jubilation. Frank had never run faster than a 4:15.74 1,500, which, in turn, translated, at best, to about a 4:36 mile.

Coe's 800 was absolutely sensational, and he was perfectly right in assuming that it was a better performance than his 1979 mile. On the Portuguese tables, it was, prophetically, considered equivalent to a 3:47.3 mile, the IAAF scored it as a 3:47.7; and for Purdy, it was off the top of the chart, but suggested something like 3:45.4.

Though track and field statisticians, who love to wallow in split-second detail, are fascinated by the scoring tables, there is considerable skepticism as to their value. Both Dave Johnson of *Track & Field News* and Rich Perelman, editor of *American Athletics Annual* and statistician *extraordinaire*, term the tables "out of whack" and outdated almost as soon as they are completed.

The impact of the fiber-glass pole in the pole vault has distorted the Portuguese tables for that event. An ordinary 5.50-meter vault (18′ ½″) is listed as equivalent to a 3:46.6 mile! And the world-record vault of 5.81 meters (19′ ¾″) by Vladimir Polyakov of the Soviet Union translates to about a 3:38.4 mile! High altitude also bestows unfairly high values on world-record marks such as Pietro Mennea's 200-meter time of 19.72 and Lee Evans' 43.86 for 400 meters, both set in the 7,350-foot-high altitude of Mexico City.

continued

ARE YOU CHICKEN ENOUGH TO PLAY FREEWAY™?



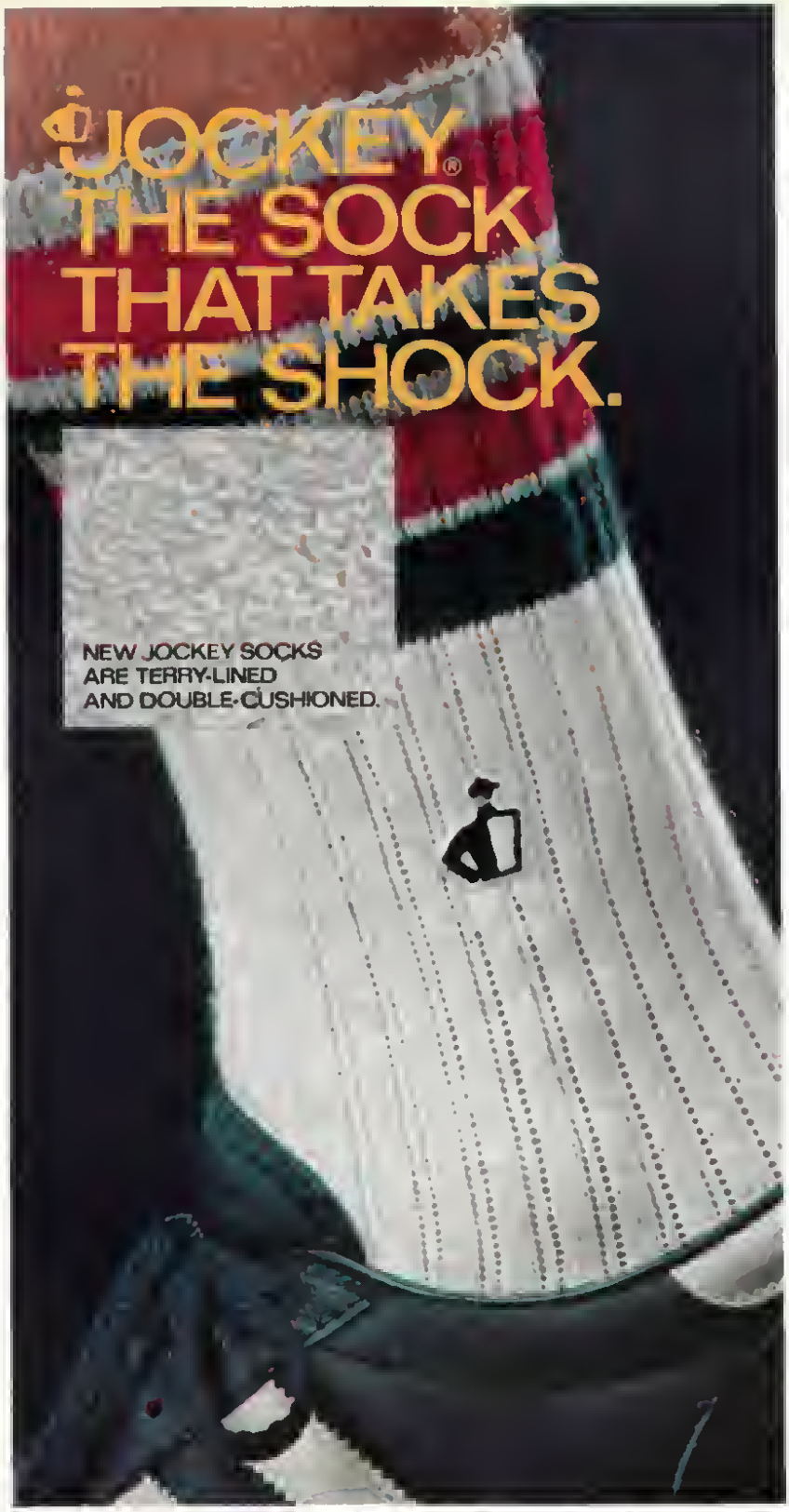
FREEWAY by Activision, for use with your Atari* or Sears video game system. It's the ultimate 10-lane test for any chicken. Careening cars and roaring rigs stand between you and freedom. And all you have to fight back with is skill.

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Indeed, the Portuguese tables rank Mennea's 200-meter record as the most imposing men's running mark, though a leading track expert has criticized the tables' values in this event as inflated—at sea level or upon a mountain. According to the IAAF, Henry Rono's world-record 8.05.4 in the 3,000-meter steeplechase is deemed the best. Purdy appears to give first place to Coe's 800 record over Evans' 400 mark, though both are off the top of the tables. The consensus softest world record is Jim Hines's 9.95 for the 100-meter dash, set in the '68 Olympics.

On the field-event side, Bob Beamon's fabulous 29′ 2½″ long jump in the rarefied Mexico City air has long been considered the best track and field performance in history. But while that mark gets 1,189 points on the IAAF tables, less impressive world records in the pole vault and discus go right through the 1,200-point maximum, and the hammer-throw mark exceeds Beamon's record by three points. Brian Oldfield's 75-foot shotput, an unofficial record because he set it while he was a professional, also cracks the 1,200-point barrier.

Overall, on the Portuguese tables, forgetting about the distorted pole vault, Beamon's jump ranks first, five points better than Mennea's dash. And on Purdy's tables, Beamon tops Coe's 800, though both go through the 1,750-point ceiling.

And what about the women? The best distaff world record, according to the IAAF, is Ilona Slupianek's 73′ 8″ shotput, which is too long to be included on the scoring table. This is followed by Tatyana Kazankina's 3:52.47 for the 1,500, which is also clear off the table.

Do any of these comparisons between 400-meter dashes and long jumps really mean anything compared to the actuality of an exciting race? For example, the Landy-Bannister matchup in the mile at Vancouver or Billy Mills's glorious winning kick in the Tokyo Olympics 10,000? Well, of course not. But my son says he's going to run 1:55 in the 800 next spring, and if that happens, it means he should run the mile in. . . . And, given his time for the 800, Coe should run 3:29.7 for the 1,500 (Ovett's world record is 3:31.36). At least, that's what the Portuguese tables predict. END

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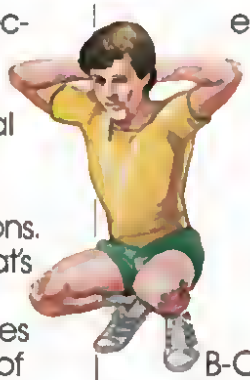
Dan Gable, Olympic Wrestling Champion
Coach of 1980 U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team

"Nothing's more important to me than keeping my body fit. And I know that Zinc is an essential mineral for every man who wants to maintain good physical condition. That's why I make sure our wrestling team takes Z-BEC.® It's rich in Zinc—a metal 'more precious than gold' for helping a man stay in shape."

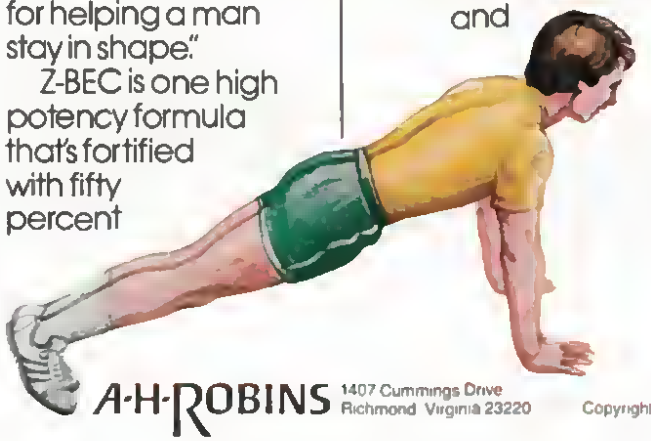
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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

A LIFE OF GEORGE BRETT IS A RARE HIT IN THE RUN OF BASEBALL BOOKS

George Brett doesn't think he's ready to get married and start raising kids yet. When he goes out to dinner, he likes to have a few beers and stick French fries up his nose, and he doesn't think such behavior would be appropriate to a father whose children were present. (I tend to agree, but hashbrowns would be even worse.)

This curious intelligence is to be found in a book called *The George Brett Story* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $12.95) by John Garrity, which was excerpted in the Aug. 17 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I found the French-fries news remarkable in a portrayal of a 28-year-old man who is said to have matured greatly in recent years, but I should quickly add that it is probably misleading. The antics of rich, unattached ballplayers do come under occasional observation here, but this isn't the baseball version of the Joe Namath story. It is, in the main, a serious, though hardly solemn, treatment of an absorbing and, in this case, surprisingly complex subject: the development of a great hitter.

When discussing any of the biographies of still-active sports figures that have flooded the land in the last couple of decades, there is a temptation, to which I have succumbed, to quote Lincoln: "People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like." Most of the biographies are mediocre, and one of them, I do believe, was the worst book I ever read—or tried to. Garrity's *Brett* is a rare exception, and well worth your time. This is true almost in spite of Brett, who is pretty much the average joek, although set apart by extraordinary ability. But he comes from an interesting, if not always appealing, family; he went to an interesting school; and he made some interesting friends on his way to the top.

George Brett grew up in El Segundo, Calif., a town that carries on "a love affair with baseball," to which the high school team always responds. Under Coach John Stevenson, El Segundo High turns out big league ballplayers like an assembly line—Scott McGregor, Chris Chambliss, Dave LaRoche, Ken Brett, George Brett—and never has a bad season. Obviously, when you are El Segundo you try harder. And George sometimes had to try very hard indeed.

The youngest of four sons in a baseball-crazy family, George was subject to constant comparison with his brothers, usually by his stern and demanding father, and seldom to his advantage. Jack Brett was a baseball father, as intolerant of failure as any stage mother. To him, 0 for 3 in a Little League game was the adolescent equivalent of bankruptcy. "I hated my father," says George (he doesn't anymore), and it seems he had reason.



5 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1981

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

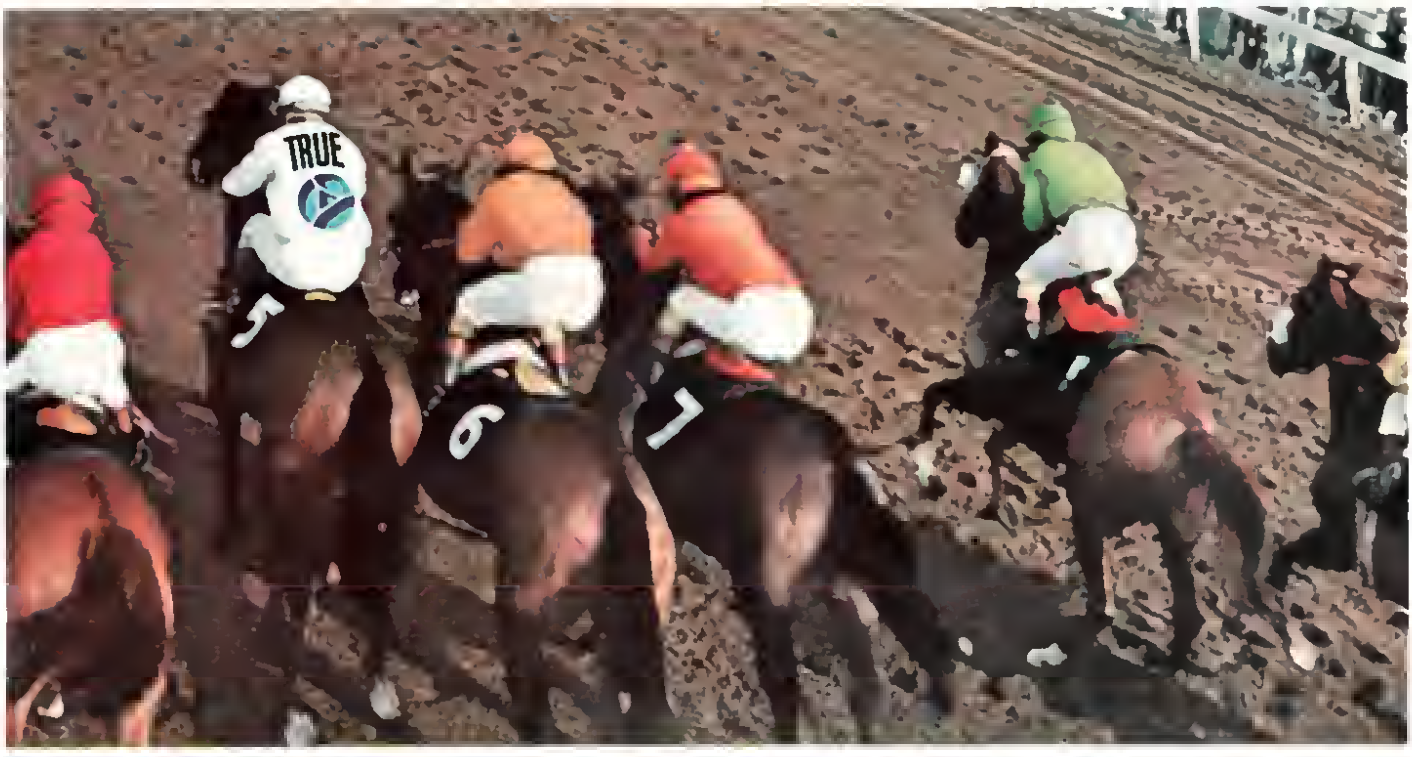
The model he was urged to emulate was his brother Ken, El Segundo's golden boy, its greatest athlete, a good student (George took shop) and his father's choice to replace Mickey Mantle in the Yankee outfield. Despite his batting skill, Ken chose to make it as a pitcher and became a good one—the only other Brett to reach the majors, although they all played pro ball. He is still "a good student." He reads books (George likes to pretend he has read only two, *Basketball Sparkplug* and *Love Story*), buys good art, says witty things and generally sounds like a more amusing dinner companion than George, even without the potato trick. But George almost hit .400. There will not be a *Ken Brett Story*.

It was, of course, his 1980 attack on 400 that made *The George Brett Story* inevitable. And, inevitably, there were comparisons with Ted Williams, who hit .406 in 1941. No one has topped .400 since, and the consensus is that it's much harder to do now, what with night games, the slider, the great relief specialists and, above all, the tremendous media pressure. I guess the consensus is right, but I still wonder why no one ever brings up the fact that Williams was the only man ever to hit .400 without benefit of a sacrifice fly rule. Under 1941 rules, Bill Terry, who hit .401 in 1930, would have finished below the magic figure.

One of the more surprising actors in the Brett drama is Hal McRae, George's Kansas City teammate. Most of us remember McRae's anguish when Brett beat him out for the 1976 batting title with the aid of a weird defensive lapse on the part of a Minnesota outfielder. But I was unaware of the larger role McRae had played in Brett's success as a ballplayer. As teacher, counselor and living example, McRae taught him aggressive base running, how to keep cool in the face of adversity, and the insidious effect of self-pity. In one intriguing passage, the author likens McRae to Jean Valjean, trudging through the sewers of Paris. And in the context it works. Check it out.

There is revealing insight, too, into the character of Charley Lau, the celebrated batting coach who reportedly made outstanding hitters of both McRae and Brett. (There are dissenters to this notion, but McRae and Brett are not among them.) Lau turns out to be a strangely paradoxical personality: a man famed for his mastery of the *mechanics* of batting, but whose real strength seems to lie in his gift for building confidence in his pupils, helping them conquer fear; a man often thought of as a cold, aloof disciplinarian who is actually genile, sentimental and vulnerable—more father confessor than drill sergeant.

Although hardly an intellectual, George Brett seems, from the evidence here at hand, to be a pretty good fellow. Certainly, for a ballplayer, he isn't a greedy one. But it is the Hal McRae story and the Charley Lau story, as well as the Clint Hurdle story and even the Jamie Quirk story, that lift *The George Brett Story* well above the general run of ballplayer bios. If you like baseball, I suspect you'll like this book. END



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The enjoyable ultra low tar cigarette...
and you didn't have to search furlong.

1982 Mazda 626. Just one look and you

The more you look at the finest road cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda 626 Sport Coupe.

There are many similarities between the Mazda 626 and the BMW 320i. But as you begin to study these two exceptional road cars, one major difference stands out.



The 626 stands for exceptional value.

It's also an exceptional automobile. The 626 handles like a sports car. Rides like a full-size car. Looks like an expensive European road car. And gets gas mileage like an economy car.

37 EST hwy mpg **27** EST mpg* The 626 is an engaging mixture of sophistication and sport. A car that is quick and precise through turns. Yet roomy and comfortable through long trips.

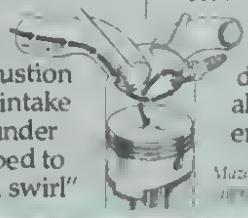
Performance and handling come from a 2.0 litre overhead cam engine, 5-speed transmission, and front suspension and steering systems adapted from the Mazda RX-7 sports car.

Perhaps best of all, the 626 offers you all this at an astonishingly low price.

Proof that among the world's fine road cars, the Mazda 626 Sport Coupe not only stands out. But stands *alone* as a remarkable value.

"HIGH SWIRL" MEANS IMPROVED PERFORMANCE.

The 2-litre, 4-cylinder, overhead cam engine has an aluminum cross-flow cylinder head with a hemispherical combustion chamber. The intake port in the cylinder head is S-shaped to produce "high swirl" turbulence in the fuel/air mixture. This leads to improved atomization, resulting in a faster, more stable combustion process. Atomization is also enhanced by the unique carburetor design, which allows the fuel to enter the airstream in *eight* small sprays instead of one large one.



Mazda's high-swirl intake port

A fully-transistorized ignition system also contributes to combustion stability.

These meticulous refinements help the 626 meet the conflicting demands of low exhaust emissions, good performance, and excellent fuel economy.

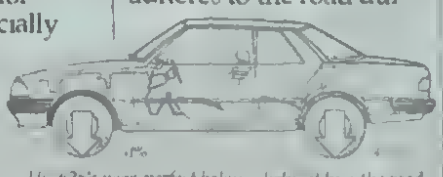


A ROAD CAR THAT KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THE ROAD.

Impeccable road manners come standard with every Mazda 626 Sport Coupe. Its behavior on curves is especially impressive.

The 626 owes its superb handling characteristics, in part, to its almost perfect balance. 51% of its weight rests on the front wheels, 49% on the rear. And the 626's center of gravity is just 20.3 inches off the ground.

A most effective way to judge how well a car adheres to the road during cornering is to put it on a circular skidpad and measure the amount of lateral g force it can withstand before losing adhesion.



The 626's near-perfect balance helps it hug the road



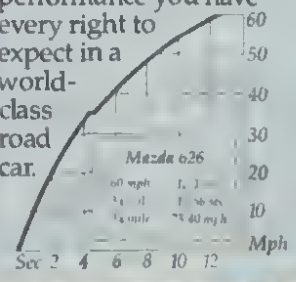
In skidpad tests conducted over the last two years by *Road & Track* magazine, the Mazda 626 achieved a higher score for lateral acceleration (0.760 g) than any other road car in its class.

e its exceptional value versus BMW 320i.

ENGINEERED FOR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.

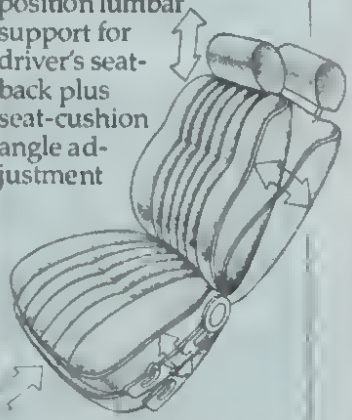
Aerodynamic efficiency contributes to a car's performance. So the Mazda 626 was designed to reduce air turbulence, from the slant of its grille to the shape of its rear window. No wonder the 626 achieves a low drag coefficient of 0.39. (The Mazda RX-7's is 0.34.)

The accompanying graph shows the sort of performance you have every right to expect in a world-class road car.



STANDARD FEATURES ON THE MAZDA 626.

• 2.0 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Steel-belted radial tires • 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Full-width velour upholstery • AM/FM stereo radio • 60/40 split fold-down rear seat backs • Orthopedically contoured reclining front bucket seats with adjustable headrests • Remote trunk release • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Tinted glass • Electric rear window defroster • Reminder chime for headlights left on • Three position lumbar support for driver's seat-back plus seat-cushion angle adjustment



• Soft-grip steering wheel • Front door map pockets • Dual electric remote-control sideview mirrors • Tachometer • 8-function electronic check panel • All this and more.



1982 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe **$7545****

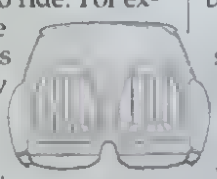
*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for 626 Sport Coupe. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 626 Sport Coupe. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options (wide tires/al. wheels $350-$400) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

LISTEN TO ALL THE QUIET.

Mazda engineers have gone to great lengths to make the 626 a quiet car in which to ride. For example, the floor pan is spherically curved to reduce resonance. This helps cut down the amount of engine, drivetrain, and road noise transmitted to the passenger compartment.

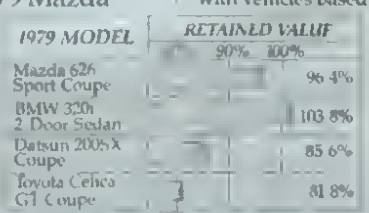


Various multi-layered sound-deadening materials are applied to the floor and firewall areas to block noise even further.

The aerodynamically-shaped body of the 626 also contributes to a quiet interior by reducing the sound of the wind as it rushes past the windows and pillars.

THE MAZDA 626 HAS VERY HIGH RESALE VALUE.

According to the Kelley Blue Book, July-Aug. 1981, the 1979 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe has retained 96.4% of its original suggested retail price.



mazda

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

RATING THE NATIONAL PASTIME

To judge by the reaction of TV viewers and non-viewers, not even the World Series could undo the damage inflicted on baseball by the strike and adoption of the split-season format. The Nielsen ratings for the first two games between the Yankees and Dodgers, who are based in the two biggest TV markets in the country, were 29.9 and 28.2. That's down sharply from 33.5 and 34.4 for the first two games of the '80 Series between the Phillies and Royals, located in the fourth and 27th biggest TV markets. For the third game, only the three-city "overnight" ratings were immediately available, but the story was the same, e.g., a 17.4 rating in Chicago vs. 23.3 there in 1980.

Granted, last year's Series was telecast by NBC and this year's by ABC, but the ratings decline can't be blamed on Howard Cosell's presence in ABC's booth, tempting though that explanation might be. When the Expos beat the Phillies on Oct. 11 in the final game of the National League East playoffs, far more Phillie fans watched on the team's regular-season outlet, WPHL, than on the local NBC station; the Nielsen figures were 19.6 to 11.9. By contrast, more New Yorkers watched the Yankees' win over the Brewers that day for the American League East title on ABC, Cosell's network, than on the Yankees' station, WPIX. The local ABC outlet drubbed WPIX 21.4 to 9.4.

As CBS publicist Beano Cook, an unabashed Cosell booster but a disinterested observer of the NBC-ABC baseball rivalry, says, "The two biggest liars in the world are the people who tell you they don't watch *Dallas* or listen to Howard Cosell." Cook also says, "The fallout from the baseball strike has resulted in the kind of World Series ratings that make sponsors reach for the Excedrin."

NEW YEAR'S SCENARIO?

The 11-year-old Fiesta Bowl, which has been played at Christmastime, is now scheduled for Jan. 1, thereby becoming the only New Year's Day bowl without a conference tie-in. The Orange, Sugar and Cotton bowls automatically award a berth to the champions of the Big Eight, Southeastern and Southwest conferences, respectively, while the Rose Bowl matches the champions of the Big Ten and Pac-10. The Fiesta alone will be free to invite any two teams it chooses.

Which raises some interesting possibilities. In most years tie-ins with the powerhouse conferences mean that at least a couple of teams with shots at the national championship—a Michigan, say, or an Alabama or Oklahoma—routinely turn up in the Rose, Orange, Sugar or Cotton bowls. But this season the national championship picture is dominated, at least for now, by schools like first-ranked (in SI's Top 20) Penn State and second-ranked Pittsburgh, both independents, and fourth-ranked Clemson, a member of the only major conference, the ACC, without an automatic berth in any bowl. Unless these teams stumble, they figure to be on the shopping lists of the major bowl committees—all except the Rose's—that pick at least one "wild-card" team. But because the Fiesta invites two wild-card teams, it would be the only bowl that could hope to match Penn State against Clemson—to take one of several such examples—for the national championship.

Could the upstart bowl in Tempe, Ariz. possibly hope to land such a plum? It's still a long shot, but Fiesta Bowl Executive Director Bruce Skinner says, "We're in a good situation." At any rate, organizers of the Rose, Orange, Sugar and Cotton bowls have reason to be apprehensive. Washington State currently has the inside track to the Pac-10 title and teams like Iowa State and Minnesota are in the thick of the Big Eight and Big Ten (*page 80*) races, and none of them looms at the moment as a strong candidate for the national championship. Yet they could wind up in major bowls, which may just find themselves stuck with less attractive matchups than usual.

IN A SPIN OVER THE WARRIORS

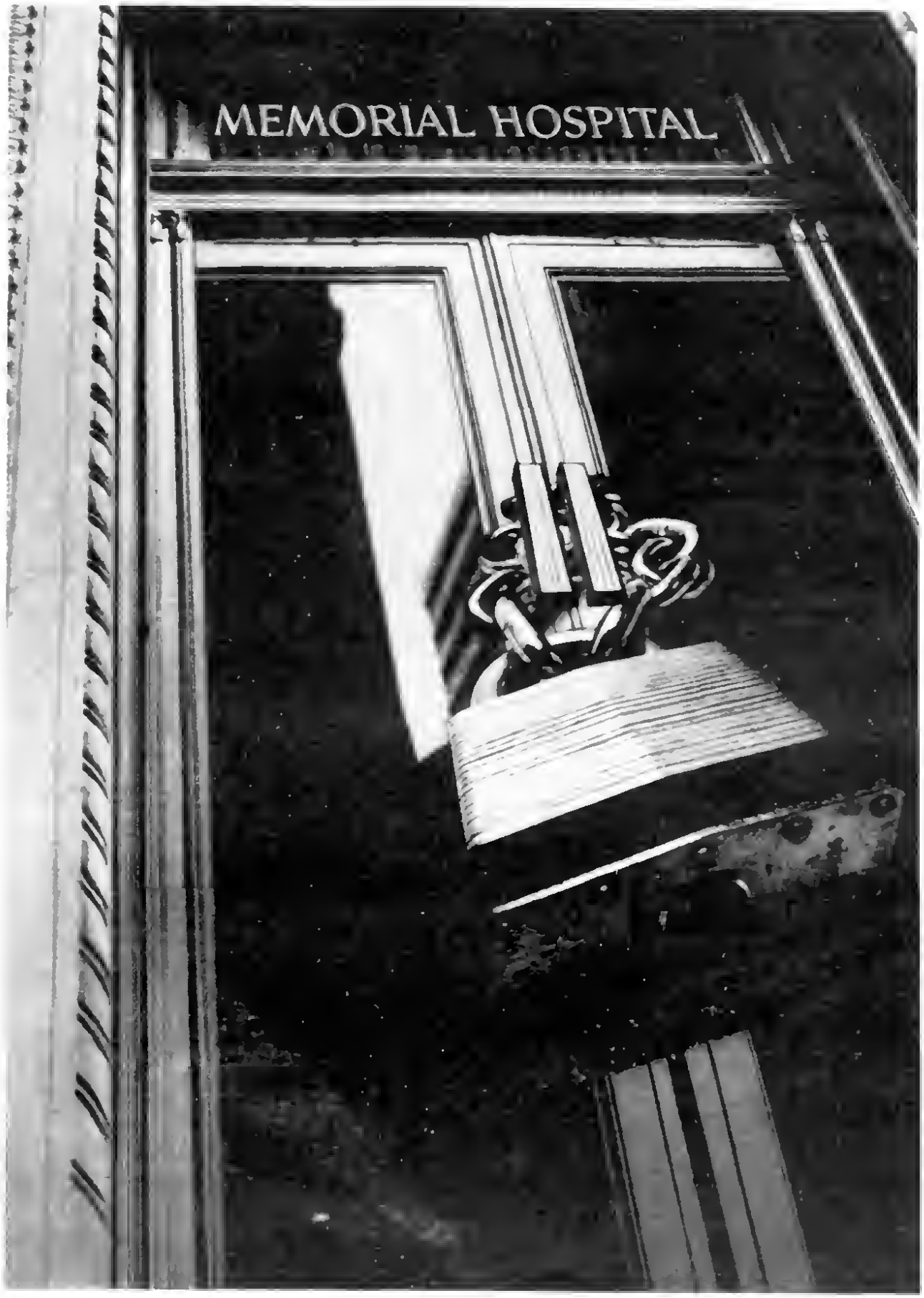
Marquette University, whose basketball press guide for last season was honored as the nation's best by the College Sports Information Directors of America (CoSIDA), has outdone itself. School publicists have produced a promotional brochure for 1981-82 largely given over to a Monopoly-style board game designed to be used with a spinner or die. The board, laid out to represent a journey through the '81-82 season beginning with Marquette's first practice two weeks ago, consists of 57 squares, the first one bearing the notation "Start: October 15, 1981—preseason practice" and thereafter representing an assortment of setbacks (few) and triumphs (many). For instance, a player can land on a square ordering him to go back one space because of a technical foul on the Marquette bench. Or, on another roll of the die, he might be told to advance four spaces because Glenn Rivers, Marquette's superlative sophomore guard, has just hit a running jumper off an inbound pass with just one tick left on the clock (not unlike Rivers' real-life shot last Jan. 10 that beat Notre Dame 54–52). The winner is the first player to arrive at a large square that says, "Finish: 16th consecutive postseason tournament bid."



POSTAGE LONG OVERDUE

In this magazine's announcement of the retirement of longtime Art Director Dick Gangel (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Sept. 14), it was mentioned that he had recently designed U.S. postage stamps of Bobby Jones, Babe Zaharias, Jim Thorpe and Babe Ruth and that these, when issued, would be the first ever of individual

continued


MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



Some hospitals are facing serious problems these days.
Problems like extinction.

The federal government pays only part of the hospital costs incurred by Medicare/Medicaid patients. Hospitals are forced to pass the remaining costs on to private patients.

This practice is called cost shifting. It's unfair. Private patients should not be billed for hospital costs the government doesn't pay.

A study of federal government data reveals the severity of cost shifting. The difference between hospital charges and Medicare/Medicaid payments has more than doubled in ten years. This same study shows that underpayments by Medicare/Medicaid that were shifted to private patients amounted to nearly $3 billion in 1979 alone. On an average daily basis, Medicare/Medicaid payments were $198, while private patients were charged an estimated $239 for the same service. The gap could widen if the government cuts back on budgets allocated to these programs.

In areas that have many publicly supported patients, the repercussions of cost shifting become more severe. Hospitals that have fewer private patients are forced to absorb those costs themselves. This can lead to bankruptcy and forced closings, which in turn denies proper health care to people in these areas. This isn't speculation. In a number of states, hospitals with a high percentage of Medicare and Medicaid patients are in severe financial distress.

Everyone wants to cut health care costs. But shifting these costs doesn't save a cent. It just puts the responsibility for payment on somebody else's shoulders.

Insurance companies are working hard to contain costs with such coverages as second opinions for surgery, outpatient surgery, and hospital preadmission testing.

TWO WORDS COULD CLOSE THIS HOSPITAL: COST SHIFTING.

But these measures won't solve the problem of cost shifting. The best solution ultimately is equality of payment among all payers. This is not a theory, it's a reality now in two states.

In Maryland and New Jersey an arrangement exists under which Medicare and Medicaid pay the same charges for the same hospital services as everyone else. If *all* states had this arrangement, the result everywhere would be equal payment for private and government patients.

We hope that, someday soon, hospitals won't have to worry about keeping themselves alive. That way, they can concentrate on keeping people alive.

HEALTH INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

1850 K Street NW Washington, DC 20006

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

U.S athletes. Well, as you may have gathered from the U.S. Postal Service's big advertising campaign touting them, the Jones and Zaharias stamps, both 18¢, are now on sale, leaving unanswered the question of why athletes had gone so long unperforated and unappreciated. After all, in the 134 years since it began printing them, the Postal Service has pictured more than 300 people on stamps, including Copernicus, Dante and Victor Herbert, not to mention Sybil Ludington, who alerted the citizens of Danbury, Conn. that the Redcoats were coming, and Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, who invented the Pap test. Insofar as specific American athletes are concerned, however, their immortalization on postage stamps was left to foreign countries anxious to tap the lucrative American philatelic market; thus, the emirate of Ajman issued a stamp of Babe Ruth. Haiti issued one of Peggy Fleming, and so on.

The U.S. Postal Service was long content merely to issue "generic" sports stamps commemorating, among other things, various Olympic Games, the centennial of professional baseball in 1969 and of the Kentucky Derby in 1974. The only identifiable athletes to be pictured on an American stamp were Barney Biglin and his brother John, professional rowers who happened to be the subjects of a painting by Thomas Eakins that was reproduced on a 5¢ stamp in 1967. The stamp was issued to honor Eakins, not the Biglin brothers.

Postal officials can't say exactly why athletes were neglected, nor why they're now being honored. "We simply realized that sports is an area of American life that we had long overlooked," offers Peter Davidson, the service's director of consumer marketing. As that implies, the selection of subjects for stamps has a hit-or-miss quality about it: there are stamps honoring Charles Evans Hughes but not Louis Brandeis, Joel Chandler Harris but not Herman Melville, W.C. Fields but not John Barrymore. In making its selections, the Postal Service is influenced by interest groups and, believe it or not, the thickness of file folders containing suggestions from the public. Thus, in explaining why the Jones and Zaharias stamps were issued before the Ruth and Thorpe, Davidson is reduced to saying, "Our Jones and Zaharias files were really thick."

A Jackie Robinson stamp will be issued next year as part of a "Black Heritage" series, but it's anybody's guess when the Thorpe, Ruth or any other sports stamps might come out. Post office policy provides that, except for Presidents, only people dead 10 years or more can be pictured on a stamp, which means that any Jesse Owens and Joe Louis stamps will have to wait until the 1990s. Strangely enough, Davidson rules out stamps honoring Knute Rockne or Vince Lombardi, explaining, "When people think of sports, they think of players, not coaches." That arbitrary policy may have been undermined at least a little by issuance of a 4¢ stamp in 1961 bearing a picture of a basketball and the surname of James A. Naismith, who not only invented basketball but also coached the sport at Kansas from 1898 to 1907.

AVERAGE OMEN

Mr. Hayden Fry
Football Coach
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa 52242

Dear Coach Fry:

Just a note to let you know we're flattered to learn that you read SI. We're referring to your public explanation of how you fired up your team before your 9–7 upset of Michigan on Oct. 17. The Wolverines were ranked sixth at the time in our weekly Top 20 and, as we understand it, you found this an omen worth passing along to your players. So in a pregame pep talk you told them, "Now remember, Nebraska and UCLA were both rated sixth by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the week before we upset *them*." And, by gosh, your Hawkeyes then stormed onto the field to work the same magic against the hexed Wolverines that they supposedly worked against the Cornhuskers and Bruins.

But hold it, Hayden. You did upset Nebraska and UCLA, all right, but going into the games in question, those teams had been ranked *seventh* and *fifth* by us. Probably you were just so busy with the X's and O's that you didn't read those issues of the magazine too carefully. Otherwise you would have had to say that the Huskers and Bruins had merely *averaged* sixth, and, as omens go, that wouldn't quite make it. We understand perfectly. So perfectly that we wish you good luck this Saturday against (wink) sixth-ranked Illinois.

Sincerely,
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THE JINX IS UP

Relatively few Heisman Trophy winners have achieved NFL stardom over the years and none has earned induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. But what used to be called the "Heisman Jinx" may be a thing of the past. Roger Staubach and O.J. Simpson, the Heisman winners in 1963 and 1968, respectively, are shoo-ins for Canton as soon as they become eligible in 1985. And going into games of Oct. 25, the NFL's four leading rushers were:

	Att.	Yds.
EARL CAMPBELL, HOUS.	182	784
TONY DORSETT, DALL.	135	772
GEORGE ROGERS, N.O.	147	746
BILLY SIMS, DET.	144	662

Those are the Heisman Trophy winners for '77, '76, '80 and '78, respectively. As for the 1979 Heisman winner, Charles White is a running back for the Cleveland Browns.

SPRING FORWARD, FALL CLASSIC

A British reference book, *The Oxford Companion to Sports and Games*, characterizes it as "the so-called World Series," pointedly underscoring the fact that the event has never included a team from such baseball hotbeds as Japan, Cuba or the Dominican Republic—or, alas, even Montreal. But the Series is, in another sense, broadening its horizons. Owing to its later-than-ever start, the 1981 Fall Classic spanned the changeover across much of the U.S. from daylight to standard time, a switch mandated to occur on the last Sunday in October. Thus the Yankee-Dodger showdown became the first World Series ever played under four time systems: Eastern Daylight, Pacific Daylight, Pacific Standard and Eastern Standard.

THEY SAID IT

- Gene Michael, who was fired during the regular season as the Yankee manager, asked if owner George Steinbrenner could become a major league manager: "I don't know, but if he does, I want to be the owner."
- Richard Glazer, players' agent, after negotiating a new three-year contract for Cliff Stoudt, who has seen little action in five years as backup to Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw: "My opening argument was that Cliff kept the dry-cleaning bill down." **END**

AMERICA'S TRUCK. BUILT FORD TOUGH.



New high-MPG Ford pickup rated 22 MPG.

Introducing Ford's new fuel-saving F5 pickup.† It's a tough, full-size pickup with comfort for three, and a big 4.9L Six. For even heavier hauling, pick Ford's F-150. This rugged truck delivers 20 EPA estimated MPG plus 2,500 lbs. of payload. And there's more for '82:

Adjustable Twin-I-Beam. Ford's tough suspension is now designed with lubed-for-life ball joints and adjustable camber. **New V-6 engine.** Modern 3.8L V-6 is a high-technology engine with excellent horse-power per liter. Standard in F-100 models.



NEW FORD F5† WITH 4.9L SIX	31 EST. HWY.*	22 EPA EST. MPG*
FORD F-150	29 EST. HWY.*	20 EPA EST. MPG*

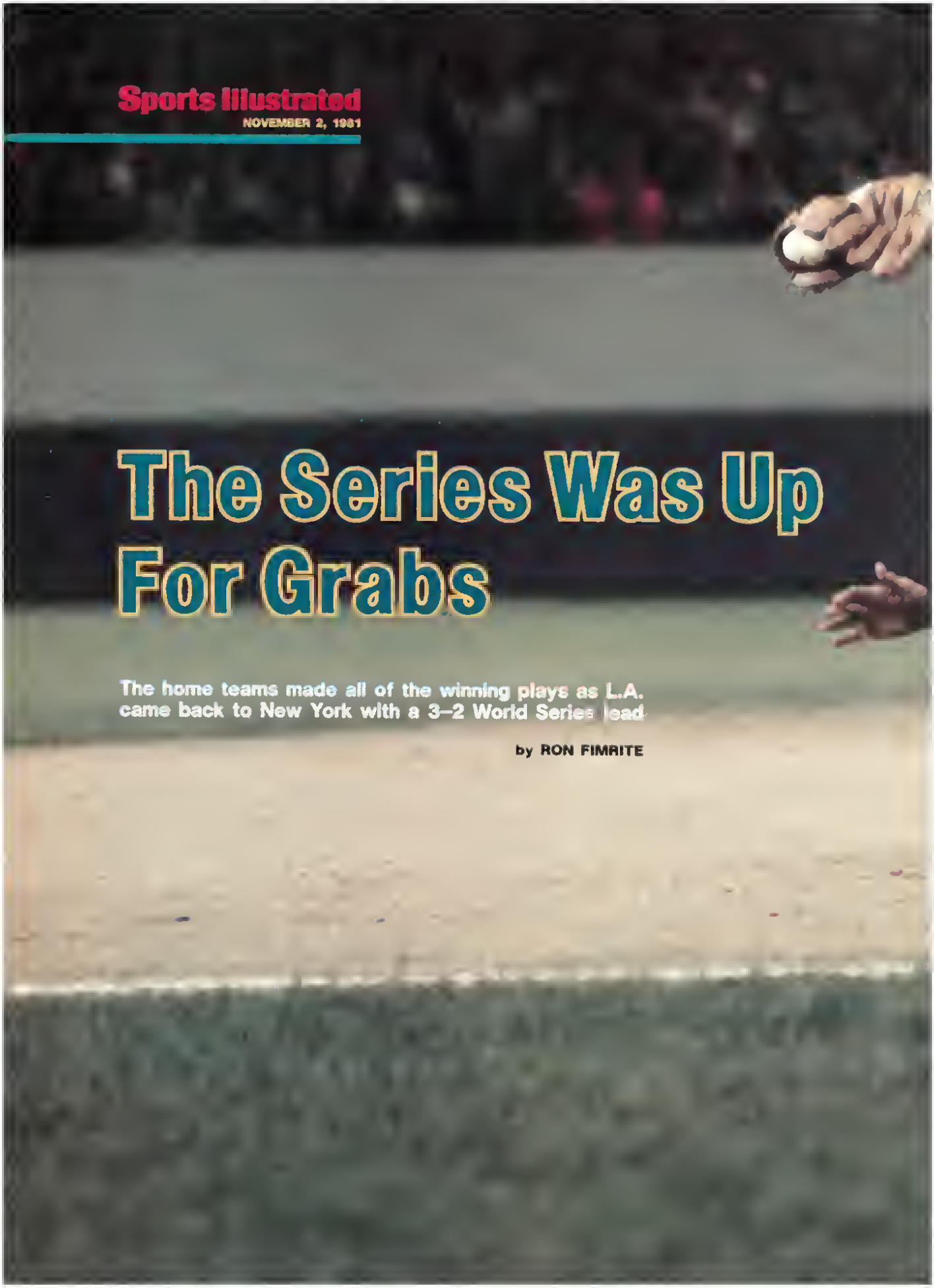
*Requires optional 4-speed overdrive. Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings lower.
†F5 model and V-6 not available in California.

Built Ford Tough

FORD

FORD DIVISION

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 2, 1981



The Series Was Up For Grabs

The home teams made all of the winning plays as L.A. came back to New York with a 3–2 World Series lead

by RON FIMRITE



Nettles flew through the air with the greatest of ease to rob Garvey of a hit in the important eighth inning of Game 1.

CONTINUED

GAME 1 None of them got a hit or batted in a run, but the game was clearly theirs, substantiating Goose Gossage's proposition that it's not the Yankees' offense that wins games, but their defense. The diving catch, the whirling throw, the daring pursuit of a ball hit seemingly beyond reach—these give baseball its poetry. "You must caress the ball, be soft with your hands," said New York Second Baseman Willie Randolph, staring with unabashed admiration at his own after the game. "I am just gifted with these hands. You must be like a matador and accept the charge. It's one-on-one, you and the ball. You must psych yourself up so that you want the ball hit to you." Said Graig Nettles, the third baseman, "I expect every ball to be hit to me. When I do that I'm never surprised."

What Nettles did to the Dodgers this night at Yankee Stadium should have come as no surprise, because he had done it before—in the 1978 Series, which he dominated from the third game on with his masterly fielding. And when he took a hit away from Dodger leadoff man Davey Lopes on the fourth pitch of this game, sprawling in the dirt in pursuit of the rocketing grounder, scrambling to his feet with the ball and throwing perfectly to first a micro-second ahead of the speeding runner, the Dodgers might have been forgiven a collective slap to the forehead and a forlorn sigh. "Good Dodger in the sky, it's happening all over again."

But that wasn't the best or the last of Nettles. Nor would he be the only Yankee to thwart the Dodger attack and preserve a 5–3 opening-night win. After Bob Watson's homer—in his first Series at bat—had staked New York to a 3–0 lead in the 11th October meeting between these ancient, now transcontinental, rivals, it was simply a matter of manning the barricades anyway. And there, gifted hands at the ready, stood Nettles, Randolph and Dave Winfield.



It wasn't that the Dodgers didn't hit the ball—it's just that they hit it in the neighborhood of these sterling defenders. And that's a large neighborhood. Nettles

Watson jumped all over the L.A. pitchers, slamming a three-run homer in Game 1 and batting .412 overall for the first five games.





When Garvey attempted to bunt for a hit in Game 2, Nettles thwarted him once again.

led off with the Lopes larceny. Then, in the fifth, Randolph backhanded a scorching Rick Monday short-hopper near second and easily tossed out the muttering Dodger veteran. The next man up, Catcher Steve Yeager, homered, meaning Randolph's catch had—in theory, at least—saved a run. An inning later, Randolph took another hit away from poor Lopes, cruising behind second and making an accurate, off-balance throw. In the seventh, Ron Cey actually got a ball by the leaping Nettles, barely. The liner alighted near the leftfield line and struck the fence close to the foul pole—a certain double under normal circumstances, which these were not. "Sometimes the ball stays low and hugs the wall like a puck in a hockey rink," said Winfield, another articulate spokesman for the defense. "On this one I cut off the angle and the ball bounced right to me. I didn't know if I could get him at second." He did, with a perfect throw, described by Randolph, who made the tag on the belly-sliding Cey, as "a real smoker."

The best came last. Ron Guidry had started for the Yankees, and with his fastball admittedly about three mph slower than when he last faced the Dodgers, in the 1978 Series, he was far more dependent than before on his peerless defenders. Guidry left after the seventh, and Ron Davis, second best of the demon Yankee relievers, took over. But he walked the only two men he faced, and the best, Gossage, relieved him. The Dodgers promptly scored twice and had a runner, Jay Johnstone, the team's unrelenting practical joker, on first with one out and Steve Garvey, the ablest Dodger, at bat. Gossage fell behind him 3–1 and Garvey, in his own word, "drilled" the next pitch. It was headed roughly where Cey's liner had gone, but this time Nettles timed his leap perfectly, spearing the ball in full flight. L.A. was finished for the nonce, and when Nettles came to bat leading off the Yankee eighth, the crowd stood and gave him a prolonged ovation. It was a Reggie-ish reception on the night the real Reggie was out of the lineup with a strained left calf muscle. Nevertheless, the fans were cheering a defender, not an attacker.

After Randolph handled the last out of the game, Nettles held court for the media in the Yankee clubhouse. "It takes a little steam out of them when they hit the ball hard and get nothing," Nettles modestly suggested. Indeed, Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda said the play of the Yankee infielders had made him "sick to my stomach." Defense is one part of the game where the Dodgers *continued*

Gossage continued his postseason brilliance, saving Yankee wins in Games 1 and 2.





In the fifth inning of Game 2, Garvey reached third on Milbourne's throwing error and sent his nemesis, Nettles, flying in the proces

don't measure up to their opponents. The already dyspeptic Lasorda would shortly find further cause for malaise. Pass the Bromo.

GAME 2 Gossage, the fabled Goose, was explaining the reason for his comparatively slipshod Game 1 performance in the clubhouse afterward. He had gotten the save—retiring six of seven men he faced—but he hadn't been at his overpowering best. Even caught line drives are an embarrassment, it seems, to one who aspires to invincibility. The Goose had had four days off between the end of the American League Championship Series and the World Series, and the holiday had proved debilitating. "The more I pitch, the better I am," he said. "Two days ago I felt crappy, yesterday I felt better, today I felt good, tomorrow I should feel right on." This was tomorrow, and right on he was.



Watson was able to bear up—and make a tag—in spite of Yeager's bullish charge.

Actually, there seemed to be no need for him at all. Tommy John, who had won 87 games for the Dodgers between 1972 and 1978, when he had declared for free agency and joined the Yankees, shut out his former teammates for seven innings on three hits. He also combined with Watson, the first baseman, on the defensive play of the game when, with a runner at third in the fifth, he flagged down a Yeager liner hit back to the mound and fired it slightly off target to first base. Watson withstood the jarring Yeager charge, which separated Watson from his specs and, very nearly, his senses, to make the tag in front of the bag, ending the inning and preventing the Dodgers from taking a 1–0 lead. According to Yankee Manager Bob Lemon, by the seventh inning John was getting his sinker up, and besides, the Goose was ready to cook. The Dodgers were being made grimly aware that to beat the Yankees they must score early and enter the late innings with a lead. If not, they would hear the ominous cries from the vast reaches of the stadium, "Goo-oose! Goo-oose!"

This time they were down 1–0 when the call came. In came Goose and out went the Dodgers. Gossage finished the game by striking out Cey on, of all things, a breaking pitch and Pedro Guerrero on a sinking fastball that Yankee Catcher Rick Cerone called "nasty." Both were caught looking. The Yankees, meanwhile, added two unnecessary runs in the eighth to give them a 3–0 win. Gossage strode off the mound amid roars of approval as the house organist performed his 15th or 50th rendition of *New York, New York*, the tune that is succeeding *The Sidewalks of New York* as the Apple's anthem.

Gossage had completed an injury- and strike-interrupted season with 20 saves and an ERA of 0.77. Appearing in seven of the Yankees' 10 post-season games, including this one, he had allowed no runs, given up only six hits (all singles), struck out 15 in 13⅓ innings and saved six of New York's eight wins. Goo-oose!

With his Fu Manchu mustache, Gossage looks far more terrifying on the mound than the old Sax Rohmer Oriental ever did lurking in some Limehouse passageway. But after the game he lightheartedly described his regular metamorphosis from all-around good guy to monster: "If my wife came out there, she'd say, 'This isn't the man I married.' It's a scary feeling, a violent feeling, and I'm not a violent person. There's not a soft spot in my heart for any hitter. I have this crazy delivery where I let everything go. I use my whole body. I'm all arms, legs and butt. When I'm backed into a corner, I love it. Facing a hitter is the greatest challenge in sports. It's like kicking a field goal with one second left or sinking a putt for $100,000. I wouldn't like to face myself. I hated facing that kid tonight." He was making reference to his first at bat since 1977. This is one of the years when the designated hitter isn't allowed in the Series, so Gossage had to hit for himself against Dave Stewart in the eighth inning. He struck out swinging.

The Dodgers' Terry Forster, a former Gossage teammate and still the Goose's good friend, thinks the young Gossage's fastball might even have been faster than his current 99-mph model. "but the fastball then was a little straighter. Now a ball that's up takes off and a pitch down stays down. He knows how to pitch. People talk about Sutter and Fingers, but he's the best. . . Still, no pitcher is unbeatable, not Cy Young, not Walter Johnson, not Goose."

Maybe not, but the Dodgers in two games hadn't reached Gossage, and now they were headed home without a win, faced with the unsettling knowledge that 79% of the teams that had won the first two games of the Series had gone on to

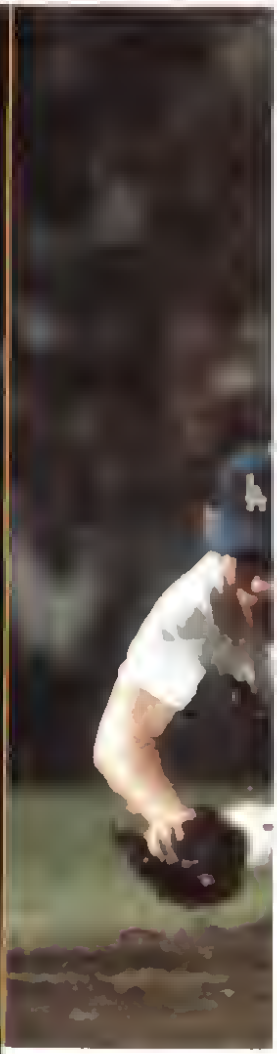


When Russell smashed a hit past third in Game 2, the only thing that Nettles caught was a badly sprained thumb on his glove hand.

continued







win the whole shebang. But they were undaunted. L.A. was trailing two games to none against the Astros in the mini-playoffs and 2–1 against the Expos in the maxi-playoffs. The Dodgers won both times. "Now we've got them where we want them," said Garvey.

Still, they wearied of questions on their mental state in these depressing circumstances. Lopes was in the midst of a crowd of reporters, doggedly fending off such inquiries, when a voice in the back called out, "Do you think you can come back after losing the first two games and win the Series the way the Yankees did in '78?" Lopes sighed irritably, but he started to give his stock answer. Then he looked up, smiled and asked, "Johnstone, is that you?" It was.

GAME 3 This game, in Dodger Stadium, had it all—a glamorous pitching matchup between two lefthanded rookies, home runs, a brilliant fielding play, stupid baserunning and a tenseness absent from the two previous, more one-sided encounters. And it was preceded by several earthquakes. With all of that, the day belonged to Lasorda, whose strategy, often daring, gave the Dodgers their first win, 5–4. How's that? Lasorda a strategist? Isn't he that emotional Italian who natters on about Dodger Blue and hangs out with the show biz crowd? Sure, but on this day he might have been Mugsy McGraw reincarnate so well did things work out for him.

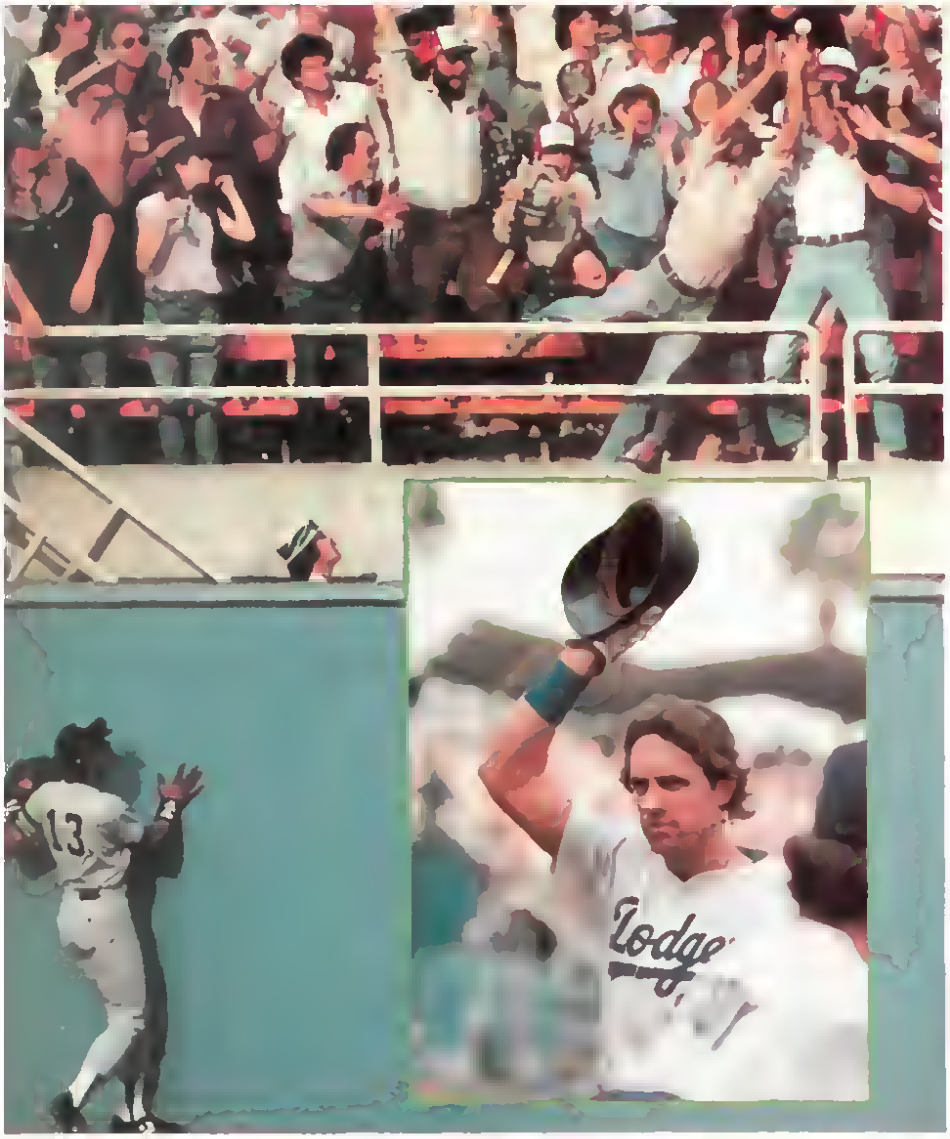
The game began as an appealing confrontation between the Yankees' 22-year-old flash, Dave Righetti (8–4, 2.05 ERA in the regular season), and the Dodgers' Fernando Valenzuela (13–7, 2.48), a legend at age 20. However, Righetti survived only two-plus innings, in which time he gave up five hits, including a three-run homer to Cey. "My second bad start this year and it had to come in a World Series," he lamented. Valenzuela

continued

Cey, the batting star of Game 3 with a three-run first-inning homer, became the defensive hero in the eighth when he caught Murcer's pop bunt and threw to double up Milbourne.







Jester Johnstone pulled a two-run pinch homer out of his helmet in the fourth game.

wasn't much better, blowing the three-zip lead Cey had given him by coughing up four runs in the first three innings. Valenzuela was almost out of the game in the second after he yielded a Watson homer, two other hits and a walk, but Lasorda stayed with him. Valenzuela was nearly gone again in the fifth for a pinch hitter, but again Lasorda stayed with him. And at the end, Valenzuela was still in there, having pitched, as Lasorda described it, "like a sharp poker player who had to bluff his way through."

Actually, the description better fit the manager. It was Lasorda, contended Lopes, who was playing poker with bad cards. "Tommy would have been open to a lot of criticism if Fernando hadn't come through," Lopes said. Lasorda helped Valenzuela in sundry ways. Wisely, he brought in Mike Scioscia to catch Scioscia, a lefthanded batter, pinch-hit for Yeager, the starting catcher, after Lemon lifted Righetti for righty George Frazier in the third. Scioscia grounded out then, and in the fifth he hit into the double play that kept Valenzuela in the game in more ways than one. First, the winning run scored on the double play, and second, by both killing a rally and winning the game, Scioscia in effect saved his pitcher from being removed for a pinch hitter.

More significant, Valenzuela seemed to settle down after Scioscia entered the game. He was in trouble constantly, but he didn't allow a run after the third. Yeager had caught Valenzuela for a full game only twice before, and he sensed that the young pitcher was uncomfortable with him. Yeager had to sense it because, speaking no Spanish, he can't communicate with the monolingual Valenzuela. Scioscia speaks "broken Spanish" and has learned to say enough to get by. "They talk, so they must understand each other," says teammate Jerry Reuss. "Maybe they speak a third language—Catcherese." Whatever tongue was employed, Scioscia's visits to the mound had a calming effect.

Another bit of Lasorda strategy helped get the tying run across in the fifth. He



Rodriguez was an easy out when, foolhardily, he tried to stretch a single in Game 4.

ordered Guerrero to hit away with runners on first and second and no outs. In precisely the same situation two innings earlier, Guerrero had fouled off two bunt attempts and then struck out swinging. And the Yankees were looking for the bunt again. Nettles missed this game, as well as the next two, with a sprained thumb; Aurelio Rodriguez was his replacement at third. Rodriguez was practically on third, in fact, and moving toward the plate when Guerrero first faked squaring away, then pulled back and bounced a Baltimore chop barely over Rodriguez' flailing glove. There was endless speculation that "Nettles would've had it"—but no one will ever know. Lemon later concocted a strategem that might have worked. "I should've put Rodriguez in left and brought in Winfield," he said. Winfield is 6′ 6″.

New York helped L.A.'s cause in the eighth when Bobby Murcer, bunting for a hit, fouled out to a diving Cey. The third baseman then doubled up Larry Milbourne, who had foolishly run toward second. Lasorda also took advantage of the DH-less Yankees by twice ordering Valenzuela to walk Milbourne, the eighth hitter, to get to the pitcher with runners on base. Both times, the pitcher struck out. "That's a good example of what kind of strategy is possible," said baseball's newest genius, an outspoken opponent of the DH.

The Dodgers were jubilant afterward,







Brown, in for his defense, misplayed Monday's liner into a double in the fourth game.

bubbling with new confidence and earthquake jokes. A series of relatively mild tremors had jostled Southern California that morning. They were not quakes at all, quipped Garvey, "just our bats falling out of the rack."

GAME 4 It was as if all the locked-in tensions suddenly burst through the barriers of traditional postseason restraint and both teams abandoned themselves to simply winging it. In the end—and the end was three hours and 32 minutes in coming—the Dodgers had won 8–7. They also had evened the Series, sent their fans home in a frenzy and assured themselves of another trip to hated Yankee Stadium. It's the fashion nowadays at moments of high anxiety in Dodger Stadium for fans to rip paper napkins into tiny bits and launch the fragments into the stadium's air currents, like confetti or ticker tape. During this game, the place looked like Broadway on V-J Day. What a game—ragged, even comical at times, flawed by egregious mental and physical errors, and yet easily the most exciting of the four played so far. "This game wasn't your basic Picasso," said the Dodgers' Monday. But as his teammate and fellow hero Bill Russell added, "In the 12 years I've been here, I've never had a more emotional afternoon."

A Picasso it certainly was not. The teams used 10 pitchers and 36 players. There wasn't a 1-2-3 half inning until the top of the fifth. There were 22 runners left on base and 27 hits. Bob Welch, the Dodgers' starting pitcher, set the tone. He threw to only four batters and in just 16 pitches gave up a triple, *continued*



Jackson lost Lopes' Game 4 fly in the sun.



Reuss was choice in his fifth-game win.



A Game 5 high five to homer-hero Yeager.

double, walk and single. Welch got nobody out but himself, the first Series starter in 17 years to depart after facing as few as four batters.

What began as a Yankee blowout soon evolved into a nail-biter, if only because neither team seemed able to get the hang of this funny game. Goats became heroes, and heroes became goats. Russell threw wildly to ignite a two-run Yankee rally in the sixth that threatened to put the game out of reach of the Dodgers, and then in Los Angeles' half of the inning knocked in the tying run. Reggie Jackson, playing in his first game of this Series, abetted the Dodger comeback by messing up a fly ball, prompting L.A. fans to derisively chant, "Reg-gie! Reg-gie!" He silenced them with a homer in the eighth—giving him three hits and two walks on the day and bringing the Yankees back within a run. Randolph, who hit a home run in the second, ran himself into an out between second and third in the fourth.

What was probably most astonishing about this messy thriller was the Yankees' abrupt descent into amateurishness after so much cool professionalism in New York. Once again, they ran the bases with gusto but no sense, most notably in the seventh when, with the score 6–6, Rodriguez was thrown out trying to stretch a single to center. And the mighty relief corps, supplemented by the surprise appearance of John, gave up six runs after starter Rick Reuschel was mercifully lifted—not literally, because he appears to be the size of a manatee.

Once again, the Yankees weren't playing with a full deck. Unaccountably joining Nettles on the bench was Jerry Mumphrey, the regular centerfielder for most of what there was of the season. "I'm an everyday player," Mumphrey protested. "I'm a switch hitter so there's no reason why I shouldn't be playing. I definitely wanted to play. I'm shocked."

Lemon explained that he merely wanted to "shake things up and get something going," but there were darker hints that the heavy hand of owner George Steinbrenner may have taken hold of the lineup card. Steinbrenner was predictably enraged after the Yankees' narrow loss of the previous evening, and when he's in that humor, the bodies fall. Mumphrey hadn't had a hit since the first game and had gone 0-for-5 in the third game. His absence may, however, have cost the Yankees the game, because in the decisive seventh inning, one of his replacements, Bobby Brown, failed to reach a sinking Monday liner that went for a double and put the eventual winning runs on second and third. "I can't say I would've caught that ball," said Mumphrey charitably. There were others who were less charitable.

Another absentee was Gossage. A no-outs, bases-loaded situation in the seventh seemed to cry out for him. Instead, John came in, and the two winning runs scored on a sacrifice fly by Pinch Hitter Yeager and Lopes' infield hit between John and Rodriguez. Here again Nettles' absence may have been a factor. To inquiries on his pitching strategy, Lemon testily responded, "The score was tied. Suppose we use him and nobody scores for five or six innings. Where are we then?" "It was just the way the game went," said Goose. Then he shrugged. "Hell, in a game like that I can't even remember what did happen out there."

In the press interview room after the game, Johnstone, the jester, raced down the aisle and tackled Garvey as he stood on the dais. "As you can see, I'm used to this," said Garvey, unruffled by the intrusion. "He'll be back in The Home in two hours." The comebacking Dodgers were driving more conventional sorts than Johnstone back to The Home these unpredictable days.

GAME 5 The Dodgers, as defined by Reuss, are battlers who "don't know when they've had enough." They have made a religion of their pertinacity, seeming to be at their strongest when the lights are about to go out. They came home down by two games to the Yankees; they would return to New York leading 3–2 in games after consecutive one-run, come-from-behind wins. No one said it would be easy.

It certainly wasn't in this game. After giving up two hits in the first two innings, Guidry began machine-gunning Dodger batsmen with his fastball and slider. He was staked to the only run he seemed to need in the second when Jackson led off with a whistling double down the left-field line. He took third when Lopes muffed Watson's grounder and scored when Lou Piniella singled to left. Thereafter, Guidry settled into a frightening groove. He struck out the side in the fourth, and when he fanned a frustrated

continued


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That, however, is just one of the many unpleasantries you have to deal with if you own one of today's conventional receivers. On the other hand, it's just one of the many reasons you should own Pioneer's new SX-7 receiver.

The SX-7 is a product of Pioneer's unique new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans.* The result is a line of components that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

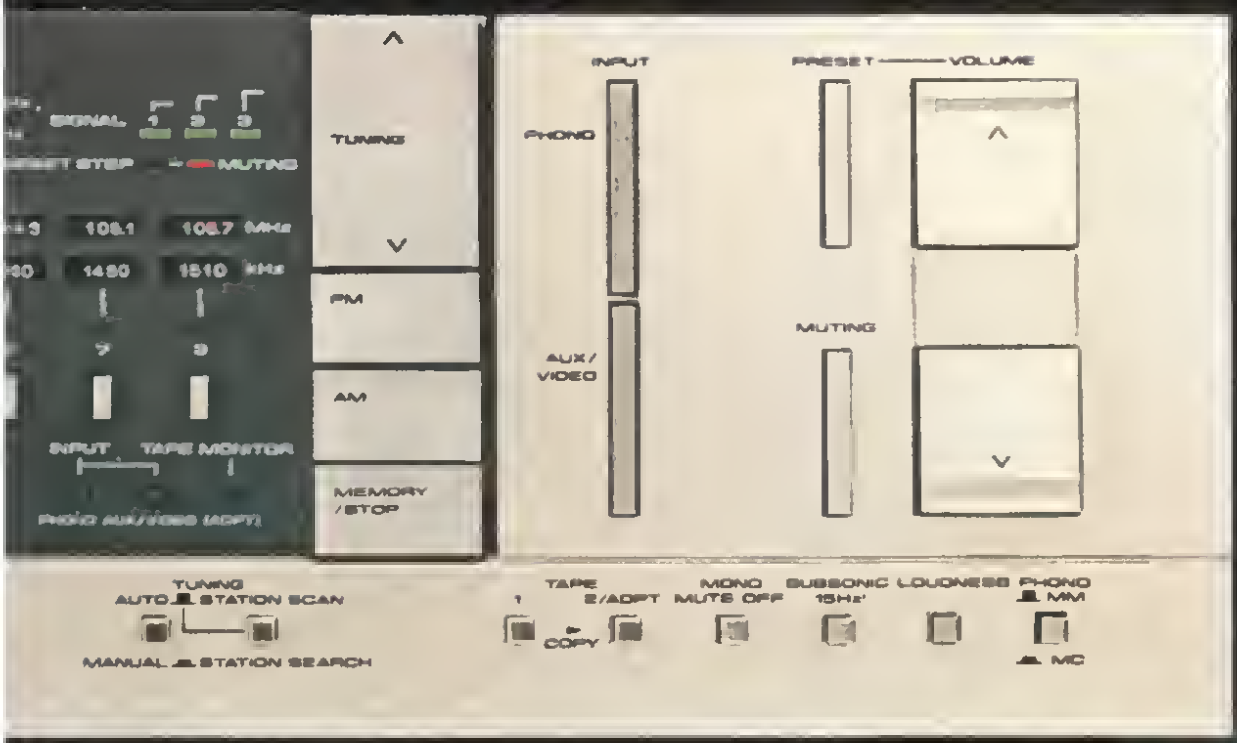
For instance, our receiver will commit to memory all your favorite stations. You can preset up to eight AM and eight FM stations. The moment you want to hear one you can recall it instantly.

Should you want to sample a variety of stations without any manual effort, simply press Station Scan. You'll hear five seconds of every strong station on the entire tuning band. If you discover a station you like you simply stop scanning.

Needless to say, not all stations have strong signal strengths. In the past you've had to struggle to tune in those stations with weak signals. The struggle's over. Due to the SX-7's ID Mosfet transistors you can

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OUR FAVORITE
EN YOU CAN'T.



tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

While these technological achievements make our components easy to live with, others just plain make your music sound better.

Our patented Non-Switching™ Push-Pull circuitry is a prime example. It eliminates the distortion created by output transistors as they click on and off, thousands of times a second, in response to music signals. The SX-7's Non-Switching circuits keep our transistors from ever completely switching off, so they don't have to click back on.

If it seems as though the SX-7 has many features you just don't find on other receivers, it's because it does. Which is why we invite you to visit your nearest Pioneer dealer. He'll show you the SX-7, and an entire line of new Pioneer receivers.

They're all designed to let you spend more time enjoying music and less time simply trying to find it.

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Dusty Baker leading off the seventh, he had nine strikeouts for the game.

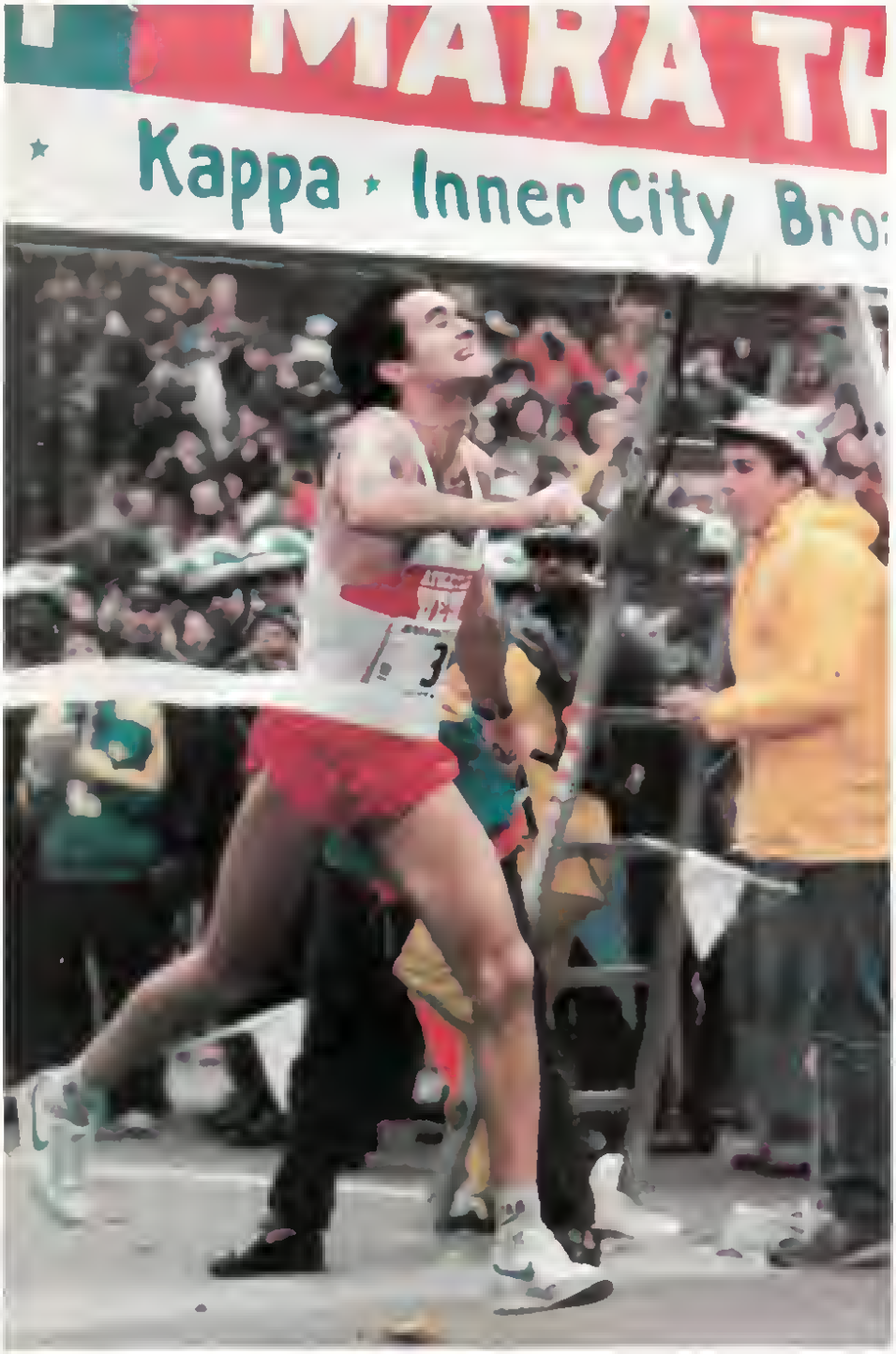
His lead was nearly lengthened in the fourth when Lopes first bobbled Piniella's grounder and then tossed the ball into the Yankee dugout for two errors on the same play. Reuss, pitching nearly as well as Guidry, was eventually confronted with a bases-loaded, one-out situation, which he deftly pitched himself out of, mainly by inducing Guidry to bunt into a force at home.

Had the Dodgers had enough? Surely, you jest. After Baker's whiff in the seventh, first Guerrero, then Yeager lined homers into the leftfield pavilion, leaving Guidry nonplussed and the paper-tossing Dodger fans giddy. Lasorda and his hitting coach, Manny Mota, had advised both batters to swing softer and stand farther back in the batter's box, the better to get a longer view of Guidry's pellets. Guerrero dutifully listened to these instructions. Yeager, who had barely missed hitting a homer in the second inning, hadn't the slightest idea what Lasorda was talking about. "I didn't hear him tell me anything," he said later. "I was too excited."

Now it was Reuss's turn. He retired 12 of the final 13 Yankees, firing fastballs at them in defiance of scouting reports that recommended breaking stuff. Reuss had tried that approach in Yankee Stadium in the first game of the Series and had given up five hits and four runs in 2⅓ innings. "Oh, we went over the Yankees in detail," he said, smiling ironically. "But I finally decided to pitch my kind of ball game. I decided that if I was going to win, I was going to win with what's made me successful—and that's the fastball."

The only scare the Dodgers had in the final two innings of their 2–1 victory came in the eighth—and it had nothing to do with the outcome of the game. With two outs and a count of one strike, Gossage, who had entered the game in that inning, fired one of his dreaded fastballs high and inside to Cey. It was too high and too far inside, striking Cey on the left side of his helmet. He dropped on the spot and rolled onto his back. He was helped off the field and taken to the Dodgers' training room, where his wife, Fran, was rushed in to see him. "I thought you were dead," she said. "I'm O.K.," said Cey. And he was. And so, at least for the moment, were the Dodgers, come-from-behind kids who were now ahead. **END**





At the finish, the fierceness of Salazar's effort matched the accuracy of his prediction.

A Man Who Is As Good As His Word

Alberto Salazar delivered on his bold promise to set a marathon mark in New York City with a glittering time of 2:08:13 **by KENNY MOORE**

Alberto Salazar's first clear decision came five miles into the New York City Marathon. The leaders had remained closely bunched as they advanced through a perfect morning for distance running, 50° and overcast, with a moderate, fitful wind. Said Salazar, "I got out there and thought, 'Well, Alberto, the weather isn't going to be an excuse. You had to open your big mouth, so now you're going to have to deliver.' "

Salazar's promise had seemed impossibly rash. He had said as early as last August that in New York he would attempt to break Derek Clayton's world-best time of 2:08:34 in the marathon. Clayton, an Australian, had run that on a still night in Antwerp, Belgium on May 30, 1969 over a smooth and level course that many experts suspect was short. Construction soon after the race changed the course, so those suspicions can never be confirmed. The fastest universally recognized performance was a 2:09:01 by Holland's Gerard Nijboer in 1980 in Amsterdam, but Salazar had said, "If I don't get under 2:08:33, I won't feel I have the record." To do that, he had to average 4:54 per mile for the 26 miles, 385 yards.

The time for five miles was 24:15, a 4:51 average. But Louis Kenny, Ireland's national record holder at 2:12:19, was surging ahead. Salazar had to decide whether to go with him. "Who is he?" Salazar asked John Graham of Scotland, who was the fastest entrant in the race with his 2:09:28 last May in Rotterdam. Graham, running shoulder to shoulder with Salazar, replied that Kenny had run a marathon only two weeks before. "I didn't think he'd hold that pace," Salazar said later. "So I relaxed and let him go."

There were more than 14,000 souls stampeding behind the leaders. Indeed, it had taken more than four minutes for the field to cross the starting line, but for all the leaders cared, the masses might still have been home in their beds. In front it was a traditional race, no different in appearance from those at Boston or Fukuoka, Japan or in the Olympics that have always decided the very best, and in none of these had anyone remotely threatened Clayton's legendary time. A few men, 30 at first, then a steadily dwindling number, clustered in a kind of unspoken unity and sought that arrangement of carriage and arm and head and mood that makes

for economy. "My calves felt tight in the first five miles," said Salazar. "Then they didn't exactly get better, but they didn't get worse."

The women's race was led, strongly, by Julie Brown of Santa Monica, Calif., a 1980 Olympian at 800 and 1,500 meters. At seven miles she had a 200-yard lead on Allison Roe of New Zealand, this year's Boston winner, as well as the world-record holder and defending New York champion, Grete Waitz of Norway. Waitz had severely aggravated a case of shin splints during a cross-country race two weeks earlier in Sweden. Two days before the marathon she didn't expect to start. Still, she ran. "She is far from well," said her husband, Jack.

This was the first time that the New York Marathon was covered live on major network television, and an ABC camera truck closely preceded the leaders. That seemed an irresistible magnet for the exposure-hungry in the crowd who darted out for a moment's ignominy. Even on the downslopes of the well-protected Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, fat kids on bikes and roller skates had darted into the runners' path, and motorcycle police had trouble heading them off without themselves endangering the athletes. It brought into frightening clarity what an enormous act of trust a major marathon is. Runners and sponsors and police must assume that all of the two million or more observers who can reach out and touch the leaders will remain benign. Some didn't. At eight miles, Brown was tripped by a spectator who jumped out to be on TV. She barely kept her feet.

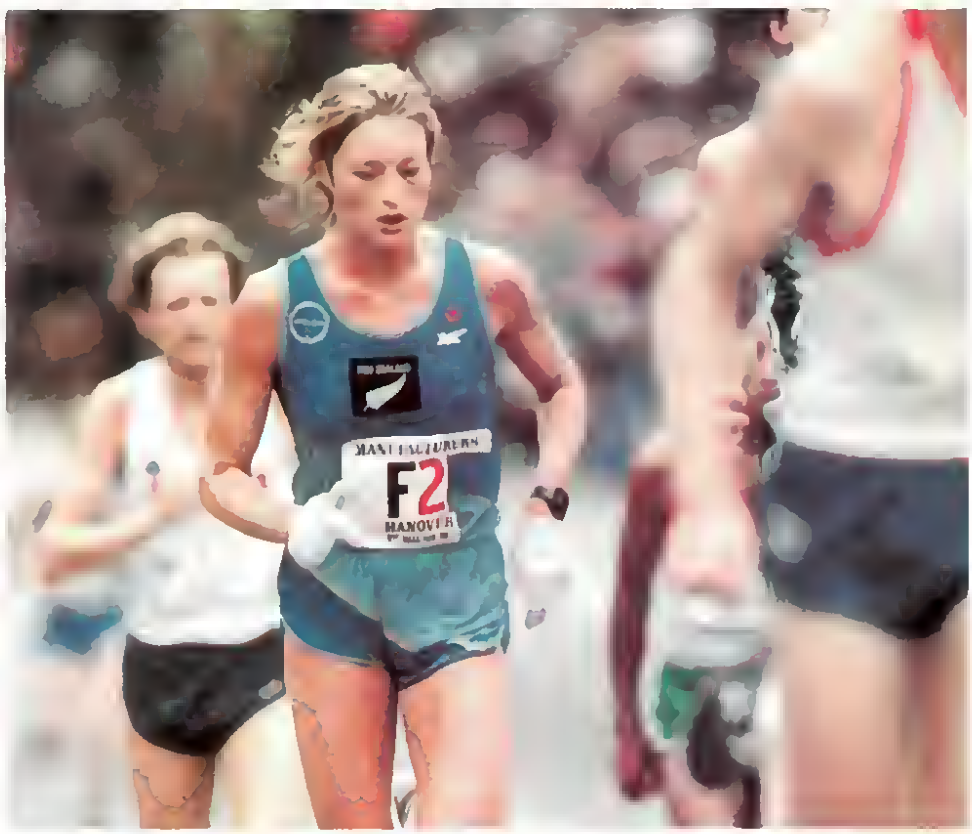
A crucial split in Salazar's plan was the time for 10 miles. "Forty-nine minutes would have been perfect," he said. "Much faster than that would mean we'd run too hard too early." His time was 49:05. Salazar's precision and his imperviousness to the antics of this most worrisome of marathon crowds were functions of his profound stability. His judgment is unimpaired by media pressure or competitors' moves or the lashings of howling spectators who want him to replace his measured calm with mad effort despite there being 20 miles to go. Even Salazar's prediction of a 2:08 world record, given so mildly, was an indicator of aloofness from the timid concerns of others. Somebody asked him, and he couldn't be bothered to be secretive, so he answered. "It's nothing virtuous," he said a week before the race, "but I believe in saying what you believe. I feel stupid when people ask me what I'm going to do and I don't tell them."

"But how can you *know*?" asked the reporters, strangely inflamed. In fact, such predictions are much easier for runners in general and Salazar in particular than, say, calling the round in boxing or the score in football. Salazar predicted 2:08 on the basis of irrefutable numbers. He had won last year in 2:09:41 in his first marathon after having had five weeks of training uninterrupted by injury. This year he had 17. Last year he did five interval miles on a wood-chip trail in 4:42. This year he did six in 4:30. And he had run a personal best—and second-best ever by an American—with his 27:40.69 for the 10,000 in the World Cup at Rome in September. Those close to him were equally confident. Rich Phaigh, his masseur at Athletics West in Eugene, Ore., was taking $100 bets that Salazar would break Clayton's record.

Yet all the measurements of fitness in the world won't win the New York Marathon for you. That's where stability comes in. "I've never had a bad race when my training has gone well," said Salazar, and as long as that connection held, he saw no reason to fret.

"This morning I was so nervous I started to stutter," said Molly Morton, once the University of Oregon women's 3,000, 5,000 and 10,000 record holder, who will marry Salazar on Dec. 21. "He said, 'Don't worry. It's going to turn out just as we've planned.' He said he had the best night's sleep since he came to New York."

At 12 miles, Waitz and Roe had cut Brown's lead in the women's race to two seconds. Roe seemed at ease, contained. Just before 13, Waitz mysteriously turned into a side street. "But in a little while she was back with me," said Roe. Brown had built her lead *continued*



Without Waitz, Roe ran unchallenged, but still lowered the women's mark to 2:25:29.



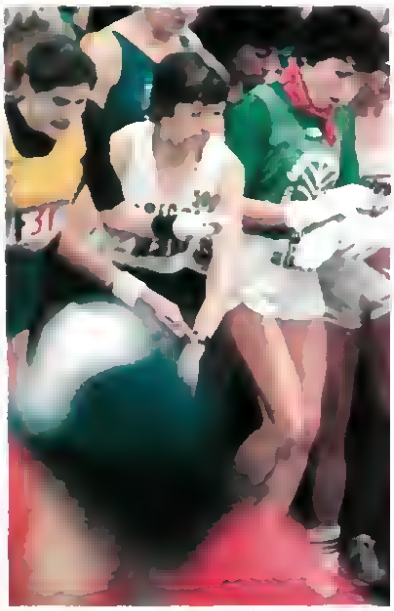
First to be called on the carpet: Salazar, José Gomez, Rodolfo Gomez and Marczak.

again to 10 seconds. Waitz understood that Roe was keying on her, as the world-record holder. "Why don't you go ahead," she told Roe. "I probably have to pull out." Roe did, and caught Brown at 15 miles, at which point Waitz withdrew. "I wasn't going for a specific time," Roe said. "I was running only to win." Though she was holding a pace that gave her a chance at Waitz's world record, Roe wouldn't know this until 20 miles.

On the approach to the Pulaski Bridge, which carries the runners into Queens and is the halfway point, another crazed spectator ran out, after the unfortunate Graham. "He grabbed him by the shirt," said Salazar, who moved to help Graham. "and seemed to be trying to stuff a dollar bill down the back of his shorts." Graham broke free and was at Salazar's shoulder again as the pack, now down to eight, passed the half-marathon in 1:04:10, perfect pace if the record were to be broken. Salazar must have mistaken the actual midpoint, however, for he understood the split to be 1:04:30. "I felt good," he said. "I knew I'd win at that point, but I also knew that to get the record needed more hard work." He put some in, with miles of 4:59 and 5:02.

The only wrenching test on New York's course similar to the decisive heartbreak hills of Boston is the Queensboro Bridge over the East River into Manhattan between miles 15 and 16. Four men were in contention at its start. Salazar, Rodolfo Gomez of Mexico, Poland's Ryszard Marczak and Mexico's 10,000-meter record holder, José Gomez, running his first marathon. "I really felt the wind there," said Salazar. "And the carpet they put down over the sharp grating was really spongy and dead, I felt like I was walking."

José Gomez, a short, powerful man, pulled even with Salazar, his face a ceaseless grimace. Salazar again went ahead on the downhill, and as they swung off the ramp and onto First Avenue, the first and only real racing of the day took place. "Gomez didn't look that smooth," said Salazar. "I thought he'd drop back." Salazar hastened Gomez's surrender by averaging 4:43 per mile from 16 to 19. At 86th Street Salazar pulled away. Still the crowd clutched at him. "There were people who got overexcited," he said, "but



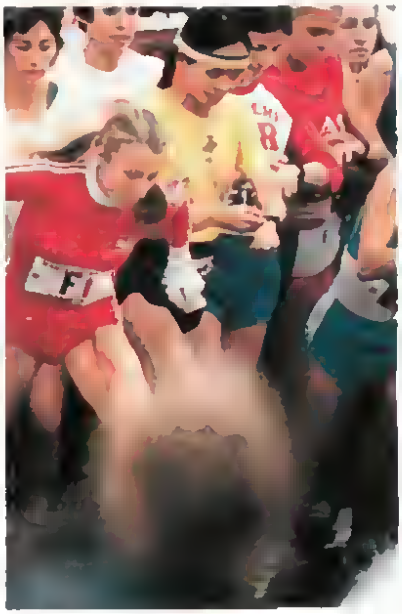
Plagued by shin splints, Waitz (F1) started

overall they were terrific. They shouted at me to go on for the record. Once I broke away from Gomez I had to worry about not easing off and just settling for the victory."

This was the stage he had known was coming, when he would have to take the weight of the race alone. He reached 20 miles in 1:37:29. "I knew I had it then," he said. "I felt that if I was near 1:38 I'd have a good shot." The wind was behind him now, and all his opponents far out of sight. There were stretches there, in Harlem at 21 and 22 miles, when he was almost alone with his task. "The last six are hard," he would say, and he showed it then, driving his arms lower, to keep the power in his stride. The early softness of his footfall had become a more wooden placement.

He slowed slightly from his remarkable charge up First Avenue. The 22nd mile was 4:55; the 23rd, 5:02; the 24th, 5:06. "I was running to *conserve* the record there," he said. "I knew I had it. If someone had been there to force me to race, I think I could have cut another 20 seconds or so." As proof, he ran his 25th in 4:52 as he began to understand it was a certainty. His 26th was a 4:58.

He crossed the finish line in Central Park in 2:08:13, ending all speculation in this, his second attempt, as to who is the greatest marathoner who ever lived. He arrived fists raised, his expression a mix-



in the front before succumbing midway.

berto against, slamming him into a fence. But this is a forceful family. José shook them off, shouting, with a splendid indignance, and reached his son. The family gathered as Alberto nearly was sick all over sportscaster Jim Lampley's network blazer. "No sweat," said Molly Morton to a tearful friend, but her eyes were wide with the memory of Alberto's mastery.

Another indicator of that was the fate of all those who had tried to stay with him. José Gomez would finish 36th in 2:18:10. Graham would end up 44th in 2:19:13. Jukka Toivola of Oulu, Finland came from far back to place second, having stepped over the corpses of Salazar's challengers. His time was 2:10:52, and he finished more than half a mile behind.

Now it was left to Roe to make it two world records. "The men running around me were wonderful," she said. "They called and cheered and wouldn't let me slow. I realized there was a chance, but my legs were tight. I felt I was going slower and slower." She is a fine miler and ran the final few hundred yards with a loose, long stride that showed that, like Salazar, she hadn't completely destroyed herself in the effort. She finished in 2:25:29 to slice 13 seconds from Waitz's record and called it "a wonderful bonus. I never thought this was a fast enough course for



A glance askance for the giggling mayor.

ture of relief and joyous vindication. His father, José, was waiting for him just beyond the line. As father and son moved to embrace, a coterie of New York policemen leaped between them and threw aside the elder Salazar, the one man among the millions they protected Al-

the world record." Ingrid Kristiansen of Norway was second in 2:30:08, and Julie Shea of Raleigh, N.C. third in 2:30:12. Brown faded to ninth.

Because Roe had run still feeling a recent hamstring injury and tendinitis in her right ankle and because she is only 24, it seems certain she will cut the record far more deeply. But that's a hard thing to think about at the end of a marathon. New York Mayor Ed Koch, who seemed curiously giggly about performances that most onlookers regarded with awe and gratitude, said to Salazar, "Well, now we have a new record for you to break next year," and Salazar returned a look that seemed to say, "If I choose to accept the invitation."

"Eventually I think the potential is there to go two or three minutes faster," said Salazar. "I'm only 23. I've got five or six years to improve in the marathon, and there are faster courses, so 2:05-something is possible." But Salazar wished not to look ahead to specific attempts. He will continue to hone his track racing speed. Indeed, he has said, "I'd take Liquori's American record in the 5,000 over winning New York—if I got the chance to call and tell Marty I did it." He will enjoy the great family convocation of his wedding. He will plan systematically to reach new peaks. And from now on he will be sport's foremost man of his word. END

At 13 miles a menacing spectator inexplicably shoved money at the startled Graham.



The 49ers Are Really Panning Out

Led by newly acquired pass-rush specialist Fred Dean, San Francisco is atop the NFC West and looks good as gold **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

The San Francisco 49ers had just beaten the Los Angeles Rams 20–17 last Sunday, and now their dressing room was thinning out—a couple of equipment men collecting towels; Ray Wersching, the kicker, combing his hair; Defensive End Fred Dean, standing by his locker, slowly flipping a football in the air and catching it.

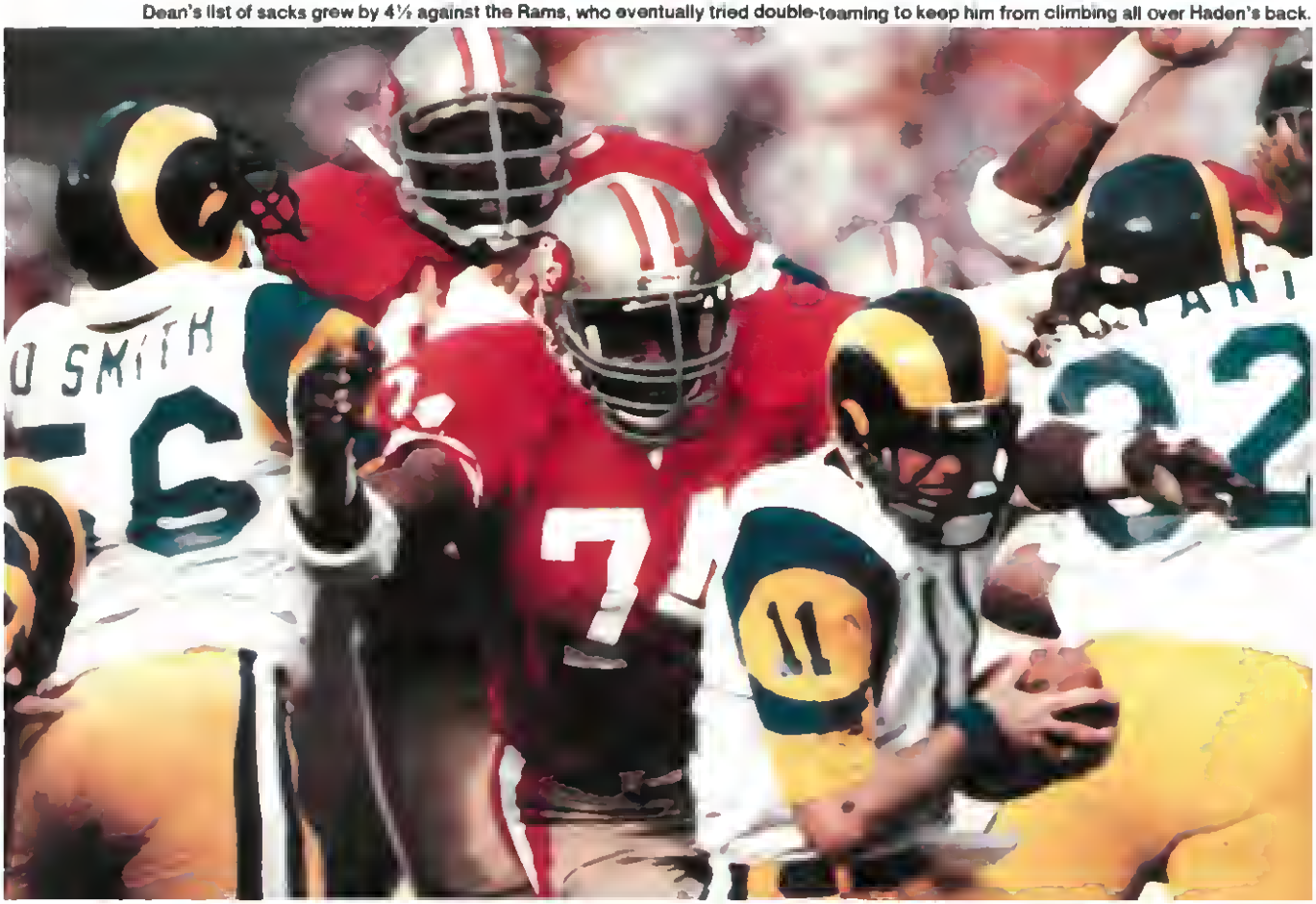
It was the game ball, naturally, the only one the 49ers awarded. It had been an inspirational victory, San Francisco's first ever in Candlestick Park over the hated Rams, after 10 losses. It gave the surprising 49ers a 6–2 record and a two-game lead on L.A. and Atlanta in the NFC West, and on these kind of occasions game balls are usually handed out in bunches—the whole defense, or the offensive line, or the coaching staff, or the grounds crew, or, perhaps, Ram Kicker Frank Corral, who missed four field-goal attempts. This time the 49ers gave out only one, and now Dean was tossing it in the air in a lazy spiral and saying he would give it back to the team.

Dean, you see, collects game balls. He earned one after he got to Danny White for two sacks and forced a third in the 49ers' 45–14 victory over Dallas three weeks ago, a game after which the world rubbed its eyes and wondered if those funny little fellows from San Francisco could possibly be for real. In his six years and change with the San Diego Chargers, Dean collected 23 game balls—that's right, 23. And now in three games with the 49ers, he has two. After his afternoon against the Rams, during which he had 4½ sacks of Pat Haden and set up another one—and made San Francisco's final tackle of the game, stopping Running Back Mike Guman to force a 45-yard field-goal try that failed—at least one 49er was wondering how in the world the Chargers ever could have traded Dean away.

"Defensive ends like Fred Dean—well, there just aren't any like that around," Offensive Tackle Keith Fahnhorst said. "I remember playing against him in an exhibition game in '75 when he was a rookie. I looked in the program and saw 6′ 2″, 230 pounds, and I licked my chops. On the first play he flew by me so fast I never even saw him. I asked someone, 'Who the hell is that guy?' "

Right now he's the new dimension in a 49er defense that has twice been called on to bail out the offense—against Green Bay two weeks ago and against L.A. Sunday. He drives opponents' offenses crazy.

Dean's list of sacks grew by 4½ against the Rams, who eventually tried double-teaming to keep him from climbing all over Haden's back.





Walsh's offensive game plan against L.A. produced a 41-yard TD catch for Clark (87).

They don't know how to prepare for him. In the Packer game he played as a rover, popping up in different areas as a weak-side pass rusher. The Packers countered by shifting Tight End Paul Coffman to help block on Dean. "That played into our hands," 49er Defensive Coordinator Chuck Studley said. "It took Coffman out of their passing offense, and he's a heck of a receiver."

Against the Rams, Dean appeared only on the right side of the 49er defense, which turned out to be opposite the weak side of the L.A. offense almost all the time. At first the Rams played it honest with Dean, assigning 270-pound Left Tackle Bubba France to him. The Rams aren't a gimmick team, they play me-against-you football. They beat you with personnel, and France has a couple of Pro Bowl trips on his résumé.

Dean's first 2½ sacks came on inside rushes, fighting through the traffic like a guy hacking his way through a jungle. Then he forced a misfire coming from an outside rush, and it was time to give France help. The Rams kept a back in to lend a hand, but on their last offensive series Dean sacked Haden twice more, each time splitting the back-tackle double team.

Before Dean joined them, the 49ers were an interesting team, with possibilities. Coach Bill Walsh had done an admirable job, bringing San Francisco to respectability. In the four years before he arrived, the management had traded away 20 draft choices, including four firsts, three seconds and four thirds, without a single player on the current roster to show for it. The Niners' offense, under Walsh, always had been exciting, but their defense had been a joke for four years. Now it had three high-draft rookies, including No. 1 pick Ronnie Lott out of USC, starting in the secondary. And to settle them down, there was 33-year-old Hacksaw Reynolds, the former Ram, at middle linebacker.

San Francisco started off the season 3–2, the victories coming over losers—Chicago, New Orleans and Washington. It looked as if the 49ers would come back to earth once the schedule firmed up. Two ingredients were lacking: the tough, helmet-busting runner of the kind Paul Hofer was before the Cowboys tore his knee apart last year, and the defensive superstar up front.

Oh, the young secondary was capable of big plays, all right. Cornerback Lott and No. 3 draft pick Carlton Williamson, the strong safety from Pitt, could deliver true NFL-style hits; Free Safety Dwight Hicks, a third-year pro, was an opportunist who returned an interception and a fumble for a couple of TDs against the Redskins. But it's tough to rally a unit around a defensive back, the offense can simply freeze him out by directing things the other way. What was needed was the uncontrollable element closer to the action, the Dick Butkus or Randy White type. And then along came Dean.

Last year the Chargers paid Dean $67,500 for a season that ended with his second straight Pro Bowl appearance. No question, he was a terrific player. John Madden, whose Raiders had to face Dean twice a year, used to say he was the finest defensive end in football, bar none. But the Chargers had a lot of big names on their front four—Louie Kelcher, Big Hands Johnson. It was an embarrassment of riches. This year Dean's Charger salary would have been $75,000. By 1984, the final year of his contract, he would have gotten up to $125,000—at age 32. So long, career.

The Chargers already had showed the world how they stood on renegotiating contracts when they traded away their best offensive player, Wide Receiver John Jefferson, who wanted to have his contract done over. That move caused San Diego Quarterback Dan Fouts to sink his head into his hands and moan, "It's like trading away Willie Mays in his prime." Now it was time to unload Dean, the Chargers' defensive star, and like Jefferson, a walkout. The 49ers were first in line. They traded a No. 2 draft in 1983 and agreed to swap No. 1 drafts that same year, if the Chargers so choose. San Francisco signed Dean for roughly double what he was making in San Diego and told him to start collecting sacks.

Since Dean's arrival the 49ers have gone 3–0. The Dallas game was a laugher. They beat Green Bay 13–3 in a typical NFC Central game, a frosty, drizzly slugfest in Milwaukee County Stadium. That was a dull game for the fans, but an exhilarating one for Walsh, because it was exactly the kind of game his 49ers had never been able to win. And then they beat the Rams in a game that, as Reynolds said, "We were very, very lucky to win."

It took those four missed field goals by Corral to do it, every conceivable kind of miss: wide left from 49 yards; a 26-yarder that was blocked, another miss from 32 on which Corral hit more bars than Kenny Stabler, right upright, crossbar, bonk, bonk and out, and finally the 45-yarder, wide left, with 13 seconds left.

But the point is that when things got hairy in the fourth quarter—when the 49ers were running five straight offensive series of three-downs-and-out; when the Rams were driving, driving, and Eddie DeBartolo, the 49ers' owner, said, "I kept reaching into my pocket for my St. Jude's medal and was having trouble finding it among my rosary beads"—the 49ers found a force to rally around. Fred Dean. There's no hot dog in him. He does no sack dance when he upends a quarterback, no hollering, no finger-pointing. He just plays.

"I kept watching him in the huddle,"

continued



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Lott said. "He was calm, he was like ice. But my God, when the ball was snapped—I've never seen a pass rusher like that in my life, so fast, so strong. And he never got tired."

"The fourth quarter is when a pass rusher earns his money," Walsh said. "The offensive line is somewhat tired, the quarterback's not what he was. When I was an assistant with the Bengals [offensive coordinator, 1967-75], there were so many times we had the Raiders beaten with two minutes to go and we couldn't put the game away because we weren't able to get to their quarterback. A great pass rush late in the game is the key to NFL football."

Dean, who stands a shade over 6' 2", weighed 227 the day before the Rams game. He says that in his senior year at Louisiana Tech he was timed in 4.48 for the 40. But when opposing tackles put on their track shoes and get ready for the footrace, they get a shock because they find out that that little shrimp across the line has ungodly strength. He's a thrower. He got his two sacks against Dallas by simply flinging 250-pound Pat Donovan out of his way. His sacks against the Rams came on muscle.

"I never lifted weights in my life," Dean says. "My strength is farm-boy strength. I didn't get it in a gym. I baled hay when I was a kid, hauled logs. And I did some good eating."

The 49ers are treating their prize pass rusher very carefully—and intelligently. He's a situation player, a pass-rush specialist when their 3–4 defense turns into a 4–3 or a 4–2 nickel. "Fred'll play 30 snaps a game, give or take a few," Studley says. Dean has a history of muscle pulls. The 49ers are handling him like a finely tuned thoroughbred.

Is the equation really right for the 49ers? Have they really arrived? They'll find out in November. That's the killer month for them: Pittsburgh at Three Rivers, Atlanta and Cleveland at Candlestick, and then the Rams again, in Anaheim. "Tough teams, teams that have been there," Reynolds says, "teams that can come back from 10 points down without panicking. If we're consistent, we'll be all right. That's the key, consistency. We beat Dallas big; that was O.K. for the kids, but to me, Dallas didn't show up. I've never seen the Cowboys so flat. The Rams today? A good win but a lucky one."

The 49ers also have been lucky with injuries. They lost Wersching for the first four games with a pulled hip muscle, but he has been their only major casualty. They're still a team in transition. Twenty faces on their roster weren't around last year. That shows on special teams, which play like their members are still waiting to be introduced.

San Francisco's punt-return and kickoff-return stats, both offensively and defensively, are worse than they were last year, when they were pretty bad. The punt-coverage team is a disaster. The players regularly take the wrong lanes; the 49ers are allowing 14 yards per return, worst in the NFL. The Rams' LeRoy Irvin killed them with his returns Sunday—seven of them for 127 yards—and Johnnie Johnson had a 39-yarder. Four of the Rams' last five possessions started at their 49 or closer.

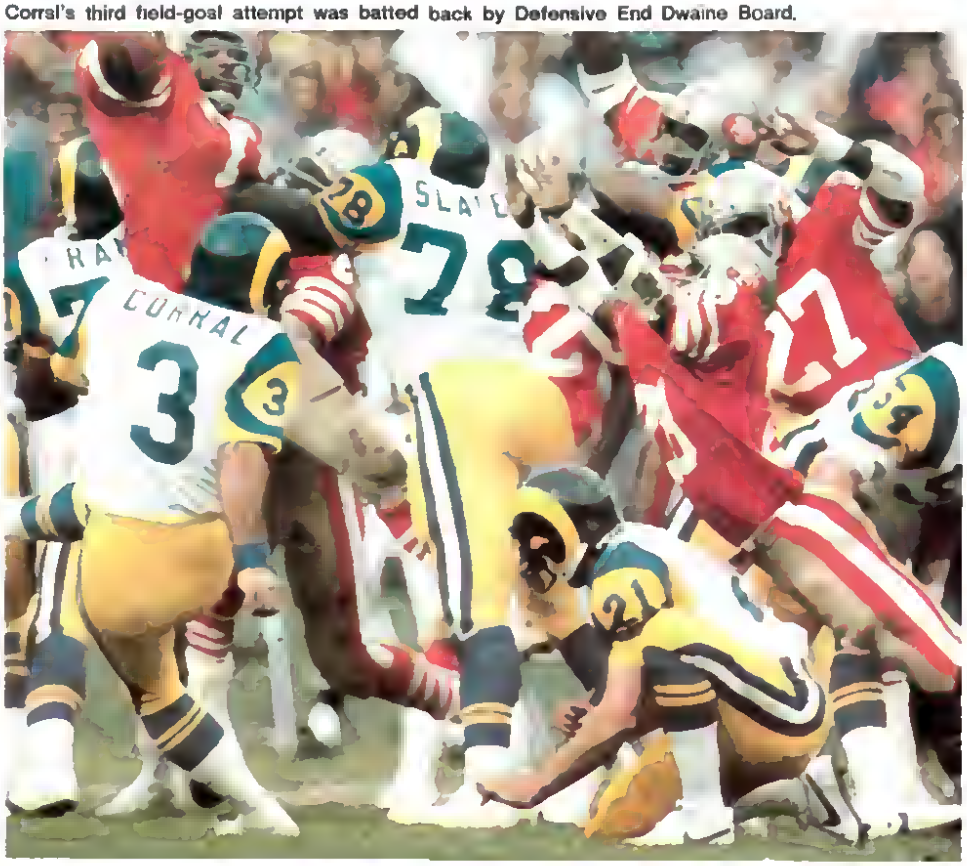
It's a credit to the San Francisco defense, and Corral's errant instep, that L.A. came up with nothing to show for all that. In fact, it's the defense that's setting the tone for the 49ers. "We don't have to play wide-open offense the way we used to, because our defense is so much better," Fahnhorst says. "We don't throw the ball like crazy anymore. It's not as much fun, but we win more."

You wouldn't recognize the 49er offense these days. This year, as opposed to last, San Francisco runs the ball more often than it throws. Joe Montana, who threw two first-quarter touchdown passes Sunday, has risen to the top of the NFC ratings with a careful approach. He has had only five interceptions all year, and on Sunday his 32 passes without an interception boosted him past John Brodie's club record of 95 straight. Montana now has 99 and the meter is running.

The defense has made that kind of conservative approach possible. For the first time since the sack happy Tommy Hart-Cedrick Hardman team of '76, you can look at the 49ers' defensive stats without laughing. They have allowed only six touchdowns in the last five games, and in the three games that Dean has been with them, they have 13 sacks, counting the six Sunday. The Rams converted one of their last nine third-down tries; the Packers made zero of 10.

As the 49ers were running off the field after the Green Bay game, Dwight Clark, the team's leading receiver, yelled, "Look out L.A., the boys are coming home!" Well, they're home now and they're winners, and before killer November is over, they'll find out just how good they really are. **END**

Corral's third field-goal attempt was batted back by Defensive End Dwaine Board.



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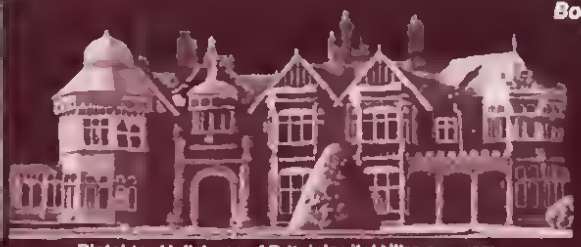
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A King Without A Crown

Sean O'Grady held the lightweight championship and did as his father wanted—and that cost him his title

by E.M. SWIFT

The fog at 7 a.m. is rich and dense, and it beads like sweat on your upper lip. The gray light could be from a streetlamp or the lightening sky. Or even from the full moon, obscured by fog, that is hanging above the murky trees. Sean O'Grady, wearing a green sweat suit, starts his run through Oklahoma City's Will Rogers Park. With him is his brother-in-law Monte Masters, a 23-year-old heavyweight who is the opponent Joe Frazier has selected for his comeback fight. O'Grady is training for an Oct. 31 fight with Andrew Ganigan, who's replacing Howard Davis, the injured 1976 Olympic champion. O'Grady and Masters take quick, small steps. A lap through the park is 1.3 miles, and by the third lap the rising sun has become mired in the fog with the trees, moon and streetlamps. Only the runners seem to be moving. They slice through the fog, side by side, jostling each other like colts. Masters cuts a corner and sprints ahead.

"Cheaters never win and winners never cheat," O'Grady yells after him as he races to pull even. They are fit and the running is effortless. The company is good. There is privacy in the fog, and they like it.

continued

A month earlier, in September, O'Grady had been on top of the world. He was then the WBA lightweight champion, and had a 74–2 record and an astounding 64 knockouts. He was the *Cosmopolitan* Bachelor of the Month for September; in the accompanying article, he said he'd like to meet a shy, conservative girl who *really* needs me. "Bashful bunnies" wrote to this "peachy pugilist" by the boxful. O'Grady received something like 10,000 letters, many of which contained photos that were anything but shy and conservative. Further, the 22-year-old O'Grady was a budding TV color man. He had done a series of fights for ESPN, and seven bouts for CBS in the past four months. O'Grady is polite, nice-looking and articulate and, on *Good Morning America*, host David Hartman made quite a hit of O'Grady's dream of becoming a brain surgeon. (The press constantly refers to O'Grady as an "honor student enrolled in premed at Oklahoma State University," although he hasn't attended college since 1979 and will be only a sophomore if he returns.) O'Grady has also been the subject of two songs and a biography humbly entitled *Sean O'Grady, Living Legend*, by a certain Champ Thomas. More on him in a moment. The final testament to O'Grady's burgeoning fame came when his logo—a battle tank made from the words Green Machine—was made into a limited edition belt buckle on which was embossed SEAN O'GRADY, WORLD CHAMPION. It sold in Oklahoma City for $19.95. Yep, things were looking rosy for O'Grady.

Until Sept. 12, when the WBA stripped him—or, more accurately, a New Jersey judge, Stanley S. Brotman, ordered the WBA to strip him—of his championship. The reason: O'Grady hadn't defended against the No. 1 contender, Claude Noel, by that date.

O'Grady's troubles with the WBA began last April, when Hilmer Kenty was the WBA lightweight champion and O'Grady had signed to fight him. Noel sued Kenty, the WBA and promoter Bob Arum, claiming that Noel, not O'Grady, was the No. 1 contender and therefore should get the title shot. Brotman ruled that the winner of the O'Grady-Kenty fight would have to defend against Noel in 90 days. When O'Grady upset Kenty, he had to fight Noel. That was fine with the O'Grady camp—O'Grady is managed by his mother, Jeanie, and trained by his father, Pat—but the judge also stipulated that Arum's Top Rank, Inc., would promote the O'Grady-Noel fight. Pat O'Grady, who exercises absolute rule over his son's life, didn't like that idea. He has another son, Michael Gass—Sean's half brother—who had just taken over the family promotional business, Starmaker, Inc., and naturally Pat wanted Starmaker to promote the bout. When Arum and Gass failed to come to terms, Pat O'Grady said there would be no fight. Sean was then stripped of the title he had worked seven years to win, had never defended and had held for all of five months.

"Sean may have been the victim," says one observer who knows father and son, "but his father was the victimizer. The ironic thing is that the feeling in the boxing world is that Sean would have beaten Noel, no problem."

That, says Pat O'Grady, wasn't the point. He says that Arum had promised to split the promotion with Starmaker and then went back on his word. Arum denies this. Pat sticks to his principles: "We turned down $250,000 to sign with Top Rank. I told them where they could shove their money. That's called guts. To buck the system takes guts. I fought in World War II and was wounded twice for the right to be free."

Pat O'Grady mentions his war record a lot. He was a Marine, enlisting with the help of a forged birth certificate when he was 15. He fought on Okinawa and Guadalcanal. Perhaps his anger comes from that experience. Or perhaps his gallstones, which have been bothering him of late. But there's a lot of anger inside him. He has been called many things over the years. Curmudgeon is as good a description as any.

When Dean Bailey, a writer for *The Daily Oklahoman*, referred to O'Grady as a curmudgeon a while back, he got a phone call from the O'Gradys' lawyer. "He told me I could call Pat anything I wanted, as long as Pat knew what it meant," says Bailey. "He'd had to look up 'curmudgeon.'" You could also call Pat a good, old-fashioned Oklahoma redneck. "I'm not afraid of anybody down at the gym," he says. "I've got two friends, Smith and Wesson, that can handle them all, and I'll pull the trigger on any of them."

Clearly, diplomacy isn't Pat's long suit. So the first thing he did when the WBA stripped Sean of his title was to form his own organization, the World Athletic Association. President? J.C. Thomas—a/k/a Champ—a boxing referee who doubled as Sean's biographer.

continued



Sean pounded Kenty "in the tub," as his father urged, and won the WBA lightweight title.



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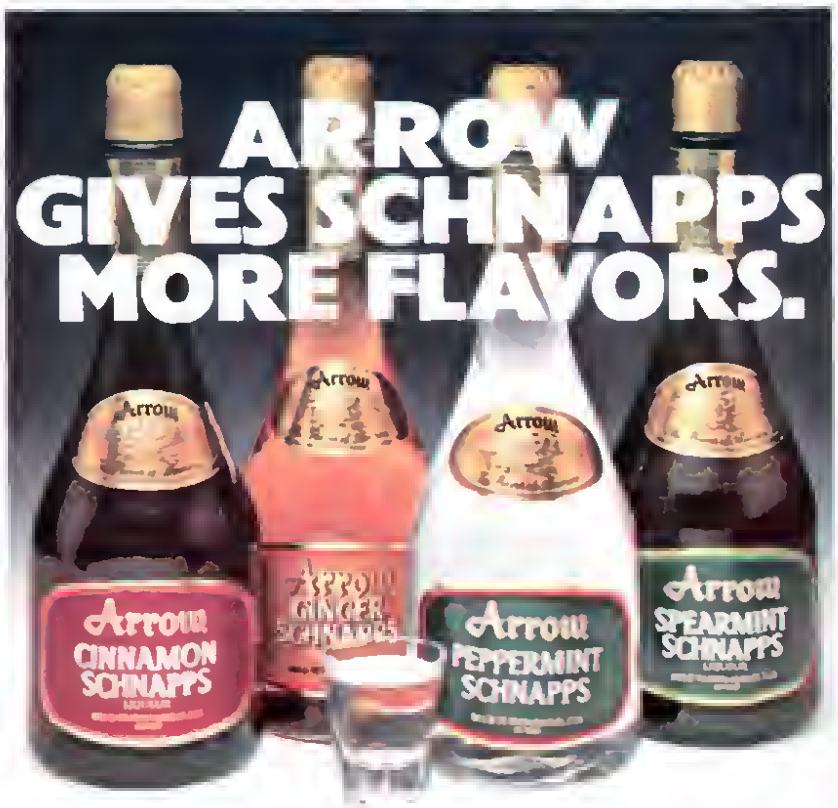
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Chairman of the Executive Committee? Michael Gass. Credentials Chairman? Pat O'Grady. The WAA says it now has members in 26 states and six countries, all of whom are either active boxing promoters or managers. But it has yet to be taken very seriously, and the Nevada boxing commission has refused to recognize it. "It's another phony organization, just like the WBA or WBC," says one boxing expert. "The question is, do you go with an established phony organization, or an unestablished phony one?"

Sean would seem to be the pawn in his father's grand, defiant game, but he says, "I would gladly sacrifice my title to have a world organization based in this country. We have the best fighters, the biggest purses, and I'm kind of glad it happened to me. I was depressed for about two weeks after they took my title away, but then I decided I'd rather be the people's champion than any organization's."

O'Grady and Masters are on their fourth lap, still enshrouded in fog. Masters runs up, grabs the back of O'Grady's arm and then easily pushes it across the front of O'Grady's body. O'Grady stumbles.

"Leverage," Masters says with a smile. He's referring to a boxing lesson that Pat gave the night before at a birthday party for Grandma O'Grady Harms, Pat's mother. Grandma lives with Sean. She cooks and cleans for him, reminds him to take his vitamins and, when 10 o'clock rolls around, tells him it's time for bed. "You know, Sean won't ever leave the house until he kisses me goodby," Grandma says. "He's just a peach of a kid. They don't make them any better."

Boxing is a family affair with the O'Gradys. Rosie O'Grady Masters, the sister of Sean and wife of Monte, works in the boxing office with her parents. Another half brother, Pat Fitzpatrick (Pat O'Grady has been married five times: "I used to change wives like other men changed shirts"), helps out around the gym. Gass is the promoter. To a large degree, they all depend on the income from Sean's boxing career. That's another type of leverage.

Sean rolls his eyes at Masters and says, "There's nothing like teaching boxing at a party."

"It's never out of your mind," Masters reminds him.

A Mexican heavyweight named Tony (Kid) Longoria lived with the O'Gradys

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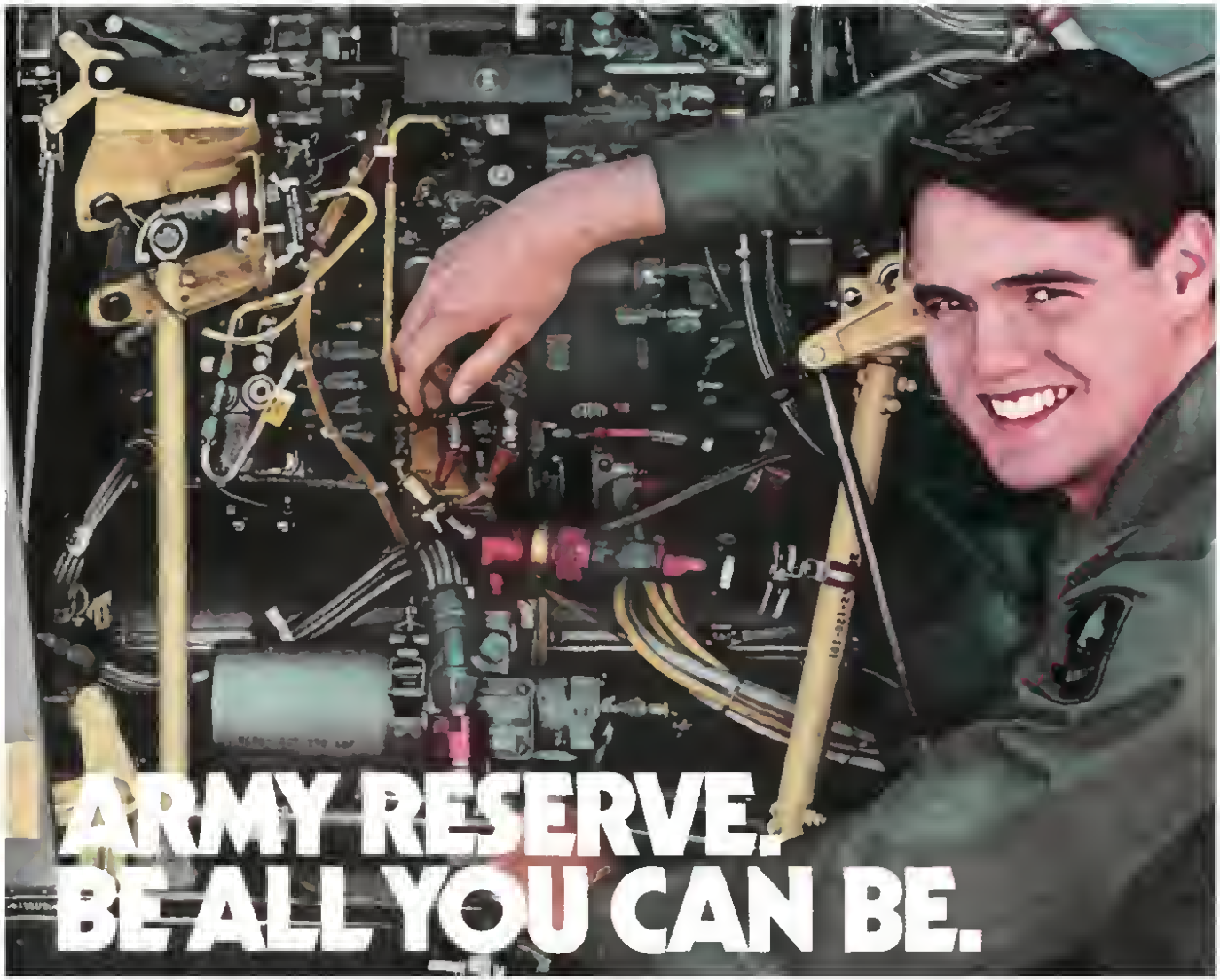
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when Sean was around 5 years old Longoria was a teen-ager, full of hostility, and he was trained and managed by Pat O'Grady. "He was a street kid," says Pat, "very mean, a vicious type. A big, tough macho man. More than anything, he was the one who made Sean want to be a fighter."

"We lived like gypsies," Sean recalls. "We went from Beaumont to L.A. to Austin to Vegas to Houston to San Antonio—wherever Dad could get Tony fights. Longoria was 17 or 18 and could drive a car. I wanted to be like him. He was mean, and he made me mean. I got in a lot of fights at school when I was younger; I had a lot of snarls at society. But you can't fight mad. When Dad took over, he taught me to be controlled."

It was that meanness that convinced Pat that one day Sean would be a world champion. "My goal in life is to take hostile children and turn them into champions," Pat says. "If they don't have that hostility, I can't give it to them." That, obviously, is the trainer speaking, not the father. There's no father now. It's a role he has had to give up. "I'm against the father-son relationship in boxing," he says. "It's too brutal a sport, too vicious. You need total objectivity. Sean O'Grady's the enemy when he's in the ring. I want him to hate me and take it out on the other guy. If he don't knock his opponent out, I'm mad."

That apparently is the way it has to be. Historically, fathers haven't had a great measure of success working in their sons' corners. Mike Rossman, for example.

"My father and I have a strictly business relationship," Sean says. "Don't get me wrong, I love him. But I would discourage anybody from trying to do what I've done. I still look at him not as my manager, but as my father."

The strain shows, but in a peculiar way, it may be this father-son tension that has made Sean the fighter he is today. "Look at my kid's eyes," Pat yells while reviewing a tape of the Kenty fight. "You don't have to tell this kid to finish a fighter. He's a beady-eyed little killer." The father is beaming with pride.

When Sean was 13, Pat took him to Los Angeles to see what Sean could do in four rounds with then featherweight champion Bobby Chacon. "Sean did so well I didn't trust what I saw," Pat recalls, "so I asked Sugar Ray Robinson, who was there, what he thought. He said, 'Give him a shot. He fights like a black.'"



Boxing is a family affair for the O'Gradys: Grandma, Pa, Ma and Sis watch a workout.

Sean turned pro at the age of 15 after just 17 amateur fights. He fought 26 times in 1975 with 22 knockouts. When Sean was 17 and 29–0, Pat purposely overmatched him against Danny (Little Red) Lopez, who was on his way to the featherweight championship. "I never thought he could beat Lopez," Pat says, "but I wanted to get that 'undefeated' monkey off his back. That can put pressure on a kid." Pat threw in the towel after four rounds, but Sean had rocked Lopez several times in the first round.

It would be four and a half years before Sean lost again. In the interim he acquired a reputation as a bleeder because of several gruesome bouts that were nationally televised. During one fight, against Shig Fukuyama, the ring doctor told Pat, "People think he's bleeding so much, they're calling in from all over the country demanding that it be stopped. The TV cameramen are threatening to turn off their cameras." Pat told the doctor to put cotton in his ears, and Sean won on a fifth-round knockout.

After suffering eye cuts in two successive fights, O'Grady underwent plastic surgery. The projecting bones beneath his eyebrows were filed down and a layer of subcutaneous tissue from his backside was inserted as padding. When O'Grady describes the operation, he uses the medical terms. For two years he worked as a scrub technician at a local hospital and can graphically describe a 13½-hour open-heart surgery that he witnessed—"The sternum went *creak, creak* when they cranked it open, and there was this little bitty heart, no larger than this," he says, cupping his hand. He talks of becoming a doctor as others speak of owning a ranch. It's his genuine dream, but it's just that—a fantasy, one that his present career and life-style are leading him further and further from. "My real fear," he says, "is waking up at the age of 35, without having saved any money and without any other skill than boxing."

The plastic surgery was a success and, in a way, a blessing. While O'Grady was recovering he began doing the ESPN telecasts. When he returned to the ring, he continued his string of victories, which stood at 43 when he finally was given a shot at the lightweight title last November. His opponent was the WBC champion, Jim Watt. The fight was held in Glasgow, Scotland, Watt's homeland, a bad place for visiting boxers. The day of the bout, O'Grady received the following letter:

We have watched you train etc. and could have taken you at any time, but we want to make this really dramatic

continued

which will go down in the Records. You won't be the only one to get it, your mother, sisters, and BIG MOUTH IRISH OF A FATHER, AND OF COURSE that ugly old bastard of a granny . . . So say your prayers you half bred IRISH BASTARDS, and remember 1690!!! . . . Ther [sic] will be at least twelve of [us] in the arena and no doubt one or two of us may get it, but as long as we have the satisfaction of ridding some of you Catholic Bastards it will be well worth it.

—THE PROTESTANTS ARMY

Understandably distracted, O'Grady started slowly, but by the ninth round he had cut Watt badly enough that the ring doctor came in to examine him. The fight was allowed to continue, and in the 10th round Watt butted O'Grady, opening a gash on O'Grady's forehead. The bout should have been stopped then, but the butt wasn't acknowledged by the referee. Blinded by blood streaming into his eyes, O'Grady was virtually defenseless by the 12th round, and the fight was finally stopped with Watt declared the winner on a TKO.

The O'Gradys waited until they were out of Scotland to shout We Wuz Robbed, which they clearly were. The WBA, which initially dropped Sean to No. 4 after he lost to Watt, reinstated him as the No. 1 contender after reviewing films of the fight. (Noel's suit resulted from this action.) "I cried like a little baby after I lost to Watt," O'Grady recalls. "I was upset after losing to Danny Lopez, but I didn't see it as the end of the world. The Watt fight, I did. For two months I didn't run or go near a gym. I almost quit."

He started training again last New Year's Day, and he was again given a chance to win a 135-pound title in April, against Kenty. It was Kenty's fourth defense, and few thought O'Grady had much of a chance. O'Grady is tall (5′ 10½″) for a lightweight, which gives him exceptional leverage and, hence, power, and he's a polished boxer. But he also takes a lot of punches and cuts easily. Kenty, most observers supposed, would jab him to ribbons. But in the second round O'Grady knocked Kenty down with a straight right on the point of the chin, and he dominated the fight, winning 13 of 15 rounds. "Hit him in the tub," his father repeated between rounds. "Every time you hit him in the belly he cries." Kenty took a terrible beating and showed great courage in lasting 15 rounds. It was a resounding way for O'Grady to win the lightweight championship. "He's a great body puncher," says Angelo Dundee, Sugar Ray Leonard's corner man. "One of the few left."

Then, after five months and no fights, O'Grady became an ex-champ at 22. The goal that he had sought since he was in fifth grade—when he announced to his laughing classmates, "Someday I'm going to be world champion!"—thrown away without taking a punch. And even though he's the same fighter, his marketability is limited without a title. And his talk about moving up in weight to fight Leonard sounds hollow. What does Leonard need with Sean O'Grady, former champion?

And just how good is O'Grady? "He's a real professional fighter," says Cus D'Amato, who managed Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres, among others. "He's not a skillful fighter, but boxing is a test of wills, not skills." A more sober assessment comes from Jimmy Jacobs, Wilfred Benitez's manager: "Right now he wouldn't beat Arguello [the WBC lightweight champ]. He hasn't reached his peak yet and won't for a few more years." What would happen if he fought Leonard? Says Jacobs, "I wouldn't even address myself to a question like that."



Sean and his boxing brother-in-law, Monte Masters, rap, wrap and run together.

They have completed five laps. The fog has lifted some, the sun is burning its way through. They are walking, joking with each other, their T shirts wet and sticking to their skin. It has been a good start for the day.

A car approaches. O'Grady recognizes it and he tightens. A trapped look passes across his face. He walks on, hands on hips, head down now.

His father drives up. "You through already?" he says.

"Yep."

"What time'd you start?"

"Seven."

"How far'd you go?"

"Six and a half."

"Is that what it says on the schedule?"

"Yep."

"Tomorrow you better do seven."

Sean nods. His father drives off, the tires making a wet sound on the road.

"Not even a good morning," a companion says.

Masters and O'Grady smile at each other. O'Grady shrugs and says: "Why should today be any different?" **END**



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by N. Brooks Clark

Life is a kick for Nick

K.C.'s Nick Lowery has a brash manner, highfalutin résumé and strong leg

Kansas City Placekicker Nick Lowery still gets an occasional needle having to do with the kicker's apparent life of ease, or the unmanliness of ending a game with a clean uniform. Most of the Chiefs call him Nick the Kick, his closest friends on the team prefer Slick Crowley. "Crowley" comes from a misprinted apartment mailbox label. "Slick," explains an ex-Chief, "because he's so slick with the ladies, or *thinks* he is."

It's friendly ribbing, the kind that almost every kicker learns to live with. And it's the kind that gets friendlier and friendlier as Lowery's kicking gets better and better. In 1980, his rookie season, he made good on 20 of 26 field-goal attempts, including a 57-yarder that tied for the third-longest in NFL history. So far this year he leads the AFC in scoring with 63 points and has hit on 13 of 19 field-goal tries for the 6–2 Chiefs, who are in first place in the AFC West and getting better and better themselves.

At the start of last season, however, the kidding wasn't so friendly. Then Lowery was known only as an upstart free agent with an Ivy League background and a big mouth who had done the unthinkable—stolen a job away from 13-year veteran and frequent All-Pro Jan Stenerud, a popular man with players and fans and, along with Center Jack Rudnay, one of the two holdovers from Kansas City's Super Bowl IV championship team.

Lowery, 25, had been an NFL gypsy for the two years before that, ever since graduating from Dartmouth and failing in tryouts with eight teams. When he left his family home in McLean, Va., outside Washington, D.C., for the Chiefs' camp last June, he told his parents that this tryout would be his last. Persistent Nautilus workouts, along with aerobic dancing and karate classes, had made his right leg stronger. He had also spent two hours a day for a month working with his high school *kicking* coach, Dick Johnson, a 73-year-old retired stockbroker.

Lowery arrived in camp along with another challenger to Stenerud, a Mexican named Jose Guzman. Neither one seemed a threat to the then 36-year-old Stenerud. But Lowery soon moved ahead of Guzman and, in the words of Coach Marv Levy, "just kept getting better. He had better height on kickoffs than Jan did, and he was exceptionally good at our gimmick kicks—the squibs, onsiders, the bouncers." After Lowery kicked two field goals against St. Louis in Kansas City's third preseason game, Levy cut Stenerud.

"I was the holder then," says Quarterback Steve Fuller, "and it was evident to me that Nick had a live leg and would probably do a better job for us, but the guys were upset that Nick was given a chance to kick for Jan's job while Jan, more or less, had to sit back and watch." One Stenerud partisan wrote to *The Kansas City Times*, "I hope Lowery misses every kick he attempts and the Chiefs go 0–16."

Lowery would have gotten a better reception if he hadn't always insisted on telling everyone just what was on his mind. He recently told Gib Twyman of *The Kansas City Star*, "Last year I had made up my mind to do three things: to keep my mouth shut, keep to myself and be humble. Somehow it just didn't come out right."

Moreover, Lowery's resume wasn't exactly of the kind to win the approval of his teammates. At Dartmouth, Lowery had majored in government and minored in drama, his roles including that of the Caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*. He had spent time abroad (his father, Sidney, was a career man in the State Department, and in college Nick studied French culture for a term in Blois, France), and his last job before flying to Kansas City had been as a research aide to Senator Bob Packwood (R., Ore.) and the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science and Transportation. His idea of a pro ballplayer was his next-door neighbor in McLean, Supreme Court Justice Byron (Whizzer) White, who last played in 1941.

As many rookies have, Lowery found his head turned into a cow-pie sandwich. And he heard the jokes about kickers, about Ivy Leaguers and about fancy-pants people from Washington, D.C. Where Lowery went wrong was in always having a comeback. "Not to be arrogant or to get anybody mad, but because that's his nature. The veterans were not in the least amused. "The basic idea," says Guard Bob Simmons, "is to keep quiet and take it."

The 33-year-old Rudnay is the Chiefs'

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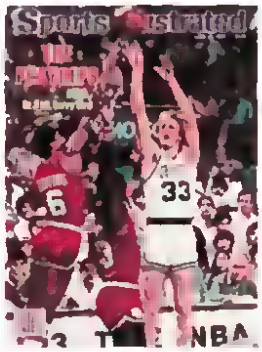
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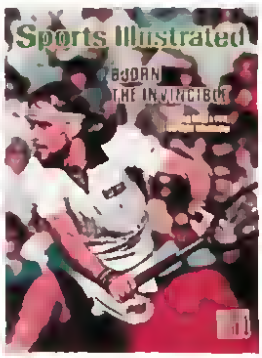

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team leader (and their oldest player by a full three years). He is an individual himself, as in rugged. When he chooses, he can be intimidating. He so chose with Lowery. "Nick got the same as any rookie," Rudnay said recently, "but then he chose to give everybody more ammunition." Like the time Lowery stepped on Wide Receiver Henry Marshall's toes in the shower. "All right," said Marshall, "that's worth a song." But instead of *Men of Dartmouth*, Lowery made up his own version of the Beatles' *Michelle* that went, "*Henri, ma belle/ Sont les mots qui vont . . .*"

Rudnay twice cautioned him to "get his act together." Levy's advice was to keep his eye on the target and let what he did speak for him. It did. In the second game of 1980, Lowery made good on kicks of 50, 23 and 57 yards in a 17–16 loss to Seattle. Seahawk Coach Jack Patera noted after the game that the 57-yarder probably would have been good from 70 yards out. When Kevin Mannix of *The Boston Herald American* asked Lowery what had happened to the guy who had been unable to reach the 20 on kickoffs with New England two years before, Lowery replied, "All I've done is have a foot transplanted from an aborigine, and it's working out quite well now." At least he didn't respond in French.

Lowery's personal turning point didn't come until the eighth game, when he beat the Lions 20–17 on a 40-yarder with 1:19 to play. Says Kansas City Defensive Line Coach Don Lawrence, who was then in charge of the kickers, "That's when Nick himself started believing that he was an excellent kicker. You could just see it." That was also when Rudnay made his peace, telling Lowery after the game, "You and I are from different worlds and I know I've given you as hard a time as anyone, but you do your job and I respect you for it. God bless you."

Rudnay said recently, "Nick comes from a different background than most of us. A government brat is what he calls himself. But he paid his dues and was a good sport about it all, and now he's more like a member of the family."

Lowery's background will always make him stick out from the NFL rank and file. His father is a retired political analyst on Eastern European affairs for the State Department who has just finished helping with the research for Forrest C. Pogue's biography of General George C. Marshall. Lowery's mother, Hazel, was born and raised in Egypt—"a child of the British Empire," she says—and met Sidney in London in 1949. She was coordinating the program for the first Fulbright Scholars, and Sidney—along with Daniel Patrick Moynihan—was in that group.

"Nick began his kicking career prenatally," says his mother. The Lowerys were stationed in Munich when she was carrying Nick and his twin sister, Ann, who now works in New Zealand as assistant film editor of a production called *Battle Truck*. In Mrs. Lowery's words, "Ann was then, and still is, absolutely quiet. But the other side of my protuberance was infinitely more active. I knew there was something there with extraordinary leg power."

The Lowerys moved to McLean in 1962 and have lived there ever since, except for a four-year stint when Sidney Lowery held a post in London. It was there, when Nick and Ann were in the fourth through seventh grades, that Lowery learned to kick, playing rugby and soccer at St. Paul's Junior School, where he was known as Swanky Yank. He also tried out as a cricket bowler but couldn't adjust to the rules against bending the arm. In St. Paul's annual cricket distance throw, where no such rule held him back, he set an all-school record of 70 yards that still stands.

Lowery returned to McLean with a leg up on his peers in soccer and in kicking footballs. By the eighth grade he stood 6′ 1″, and he began imitating the kicking style of Stenerud. Their styles are still similar. (Stenerud now kicks for Green Bay.) Both have a smooth motion, more like a golf swing than the short, choppy motion of smaller kickers such as Garo Yepremian.

It's said that nobody really knows how to coach kickers, which is one of the reasons why they circulate around the league like umbrellas. Lowery says that the soundest coaching he ever got came from Johnson, who describes himself as "a gray old buzzard." Johnson once pitched Class A baseball for the Portland Pilots and was a Golden Gloves boxer, but his only association with football between his college days and his retirement from Merrill Lynch 11 years ago came in 1937, when the Redskins moved from Boston to Washington and he enlisted to help sell season tickets. He sold 105 of the first year's total of 310 (at a package price of $6.60 for six games) and has had 50-yard line Redskin seats ever since.



Lowery tells wee ones about the big time.

Lowery began listening to Johnson's kicking theories when he was a freshman at St. Albans, a Washington private school whose football practices Johnson, who had just retired, watched to pass the time of day. Most of Johnson's ideas about kicking and punting are original. (He has since written about 500 pages of manuscript on the subject, which he titles, depending on his mood, *What a Difference a Foot Makes*, or *I Get a Kick Out of You*.) He gave Lowery drills to improve his concentration, including one in which the kicker rotates his hands slowly while timing the motion and concentrating on the muscles involved and another in which he sits on the top row of a bleacher with his legs hanging limp in space, rotating his feet. Last year at the Chiefs' training camp, such drills were just one more reason to look askance at Lowery.

Two weeks after Lowery's high school

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career ended with a dramatic 43-yard field goal that beat St Albans' archrival with two seconds to play, he received a letter from former Redskins Kicker Charlie Gogolak that began, "Dear Nick: It has come to my attention that you are a bright young man with an educated and powerful toe. . ." and went on to urge him to consider a college career at Princeton, Gogolak's alma mater. Instead, he chose Dartmouth, where he hit 59.4% of his field goals, including 49- and 51-yarders in losses to Harvard in 1975 and '76 and a 40-yarder with six seconds left that beat Holy Cross 17–14 in 1977.

Lowery had been a four-sport man in high school and he pitched his first two years at Dartmouth, but in college he found other outlets for his energy. While in high school he played with a group called Moonshine that performed in the summer at Mr. Henry's, a Washington watering hole. He played the bongos in two Dartmouth musicals and once announced himself to a date at Smith College by climbing a tree outside her dorm and starting up a racket. Last year, after Kansas City's second victory over Denver, Lowery celebrated in the lounge of the Holiday Inn across the street from Arrowhead Stadium, where he persuaded the drummer to let him sit in for a set.

Despite his success as a college kicker, Lowery wasn't drafted by the pros. Shortly before graduation he signed as a free agent with the Jets, but was cut during training camp. By the start of the 1978 season he was back in Hanover waiting on tables at the Bull's Eye restaurant when he read in a newspaper in mid-September that John Smith of the Patriots was sidelined with a thigh injury. After working the lunch shift he borrowed a friend's car, drove to Foxboro and, with Coach Chuck Fairbanks holding, won himself a job.

In two games with New England he made seven conversions but fell short on a 45-yard field-goal try and did poorly on kickoffs. "Strictly a mechanical problem," he insisted at the time, but the Pats brought in David Posey, and Lowery headed home to McLean.

The following spring he worked on the staff of Senator John Chaffee (R., R.I.), doing research, mostly on the environment. That summer he went to camp with the Cincinnati Bengals, who sent him home with two weeks left in the preseason. Two days later, Washington invited him to its camp because Kicker Mark Moseley was having problems with a recurring thigh injury. The Redskins signed Lowery on a Thursday, cut him the following Monday, re-signed him on Friday when a kicker they had traded for didn't show up, and then cut him once again on Monday.

Those three axes in a two-week period were followed by four more unsuccessful tryouts during the '79 regular season—with the Colts, Saints, Buccaneers and Chargers. That's a record of futility Lowery jokes about, but privately he is proud he persevered.

And so is his neighbor, Justice White, who has taken a keen interest in Lowery's kicking career. He was one of just 16,941 who sat through a meaningless Chiefs-Colts game in Baltimore in the final week of last season, enduring blustery conditions and 24° cold for the chance to see Nick kick. "I think it's quite admirable that Nick wasn't discouraged when he wasn't immediately successful," said White the other day, "and I think he's improved himself immensely with his willingness to try and try again."

Lowery is now as secure in Kansas City as any NFL kicker is ever going to be. (Ten teams have changed kickers since the start of last season.) He shares a suburban apartment with second-year Cornerback Paul Dombroski, a Hawaiian of Polish-Japanese descent who came to Kansas City by way of Linfield College in Oregon. The team has come to accept Lowery's exuberance, even to respect it. "It amazes me sometimes," says Fuller. "He can go anyplace and walk right up to somebody and start talking, and not even think about it. I don't know what you'd call it, but I've never been able to do it."

Lowery is looking forward to another off-season appointment like the one he had last year with Congressman Richard Bolling (D., Mo.), which he hopes might lead to a career in government.

"But I don't ever want to get too comfortable," Lowery says, "and start taking things for granted." He still remembers the look on Stenerud's face after Stenerud was released. "I just hadn't thought of getting cut affecting someone whom I'd admired for so long the same way it had affected me. That's a feeling I hope I never lose, that empty feeling of getting cut, because then I might work out a little less, lose some concentration and sooner or later mess up. And I've worked too hard to blow it like that." **END**



Mom and Dad are doggone proud of Nick. Johnson monumentalizes concentration.



Odd as it seems, it's even

That rarity, parity, has Iowa and others in the Big Ten in the tall corn

by Douglas S. Looney

Hayden Fry, the Iowa coach, was talking in his cluttered office last Friday about the Hawkeyes leading the Big Ten. "We have no right to be where we are, I assure you," he said. Indeed, league-leading *Iowa*? Five-one-overall *Iowa*? Undefeated-in-the-conference *Iowa*? Sixth-ranked-in-the-country (by the AP) *Iowa*? The mind reels, because when it comes to football, the only national category the Hawkeyes lead in is most consecutive years without a winning season: 19. Even Kansas State and Northwestern have done better.

"If history holds true," Fry continued, "our bubble will be burst somewhere in the near future. I tell you, somebody is going to flat put a king-size hole in our inner tube."

The following day, Minnesota flat did just that, 12–10. You should have bet both the house and spouse that they would. After all, upsets are happening everywhere to everybody this year and in all of the best neighborhoods. In this weird season, almost nothing has been predictable—to the joy of many heretofore deprived fans (all five Big Ten games Saturday were sellouts, setting an NCAA single-day record for average game attendance—77,767—in a conference) and the chagrin of the followers of heretofore fat-cat powerhouses.

And nowhere have things been more wacky than in the Big Ten, that once-predictable league where either Tweedledee or Tweedledum would win, and the other eight members regularly offered themselves up as fodder. Over the last 12 years, Michigan won the conference twice, Ohio State thrice, and six times they tied: in 1978 the Wolverines tied with Michigan State but went to the Rose Bowl anyway. But that was yesterday. Today everybody is having a great time. Except Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, whose Wolverines were nearly everyone's No. 1 preseason pick but who have already been thrashed by Wisconsin and, two weeks ago, Iowa. "I liked the good old days," says Bo, "when we dominated people and everybody hated us."

Last Saturday afternoon, the Wolverines mopped up Northwestern, 38–0, and that was significant because Northwestern is the only team in the Big Ten that can still be counted on to go out and do what it is supposed to do: lose. Northwestern is 0–5 in the conference and 0–7 overall, just as God intended.

Otherwise, the Big Ten standings look like a practical joke or the result of a computer glitch. Ohio State has had a case of the flounders, with a non-league loss to Florida State followed by a conference loss to Wisconsin. Yet, at 3–1 in the Big Ten, the Buckeyes are now tied with Iowa for the lead—and because of a quirk in scheduling, they don't play each other. Five teams are at 3–2 and definitely in the chase: Wisconsin, Illinois, Purdue, Minnesota and Michigan. Even Indiana at 2–3 and Michigan State at 1–4, given the tenor of the year, are not dead and gone.

But why this chaos in the Big Ten? The most convenient answer is that the NCAA's 30–95 rule that went into effect nationally in 1978—no school may give more than 30 football scholarships in any one year and no more than 95 players on a team can be on scholarship at one time—is making itself felt. Previously, the big (read rich) schools would sign up hordes of players and stockpile them, not so much to play them as not to play against them. The 30–95 rule seems to have made for better balance by spreading talent around, and thus it is perfectly understandable why some of the big, rich schools despise it.

But what we are seeing this year in the Big Ten is much more than just the effect of 30–95. Mike White, the aggressive



Everything Big Ten is topsy-turvy, as it was when Minnesota blocked an Iowa kick.

coach at Illinois, which beat Wisconsin 23–21 Saturday (remember that Wisconsin had knocked off both Michigan *and* Ohio State), considered the Big Ten standings late last Saturday night. "To me," he said, "the key to everything is what Wisconsin did the first week of the season to Michigan. That gave all the rest of us hope." White, who formerly coached at California, confessed that "it just seemed like every time we'd go out to play USC or UCLA, we were beat before we started. Everybody has been the same way against Michigan and Ohio State." White is correct. Take a bow, Wisconsin.

But today's parity isn't entirely the product of a piece of legislation or a new, can-do frame of mind; technology has also dealt the status quo a severe blow. Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham notes the heavy emphasis all teams have put on weight training (the Wolverines recently spent a tidy $60,000 on new weight equipment), which means a player once thought too small for the Big Ten can gain the weight and strength to be competitive. And with the scholarship limitations, everybody lacks depth, not just the poorer teams.

Yet another factor in the Big Ten is—at last—the emergence of some variety in coaches and coaching philosophies. No longer is it the world according to Woody Hayes. White, for example, lives by passing and just may succeed in giving the lie to the conventional wisdom that you must establish a running game before you can throw. Fry, who coached 11 years at SMU and six more at North Texas State before going to Iowa in 1979, keeps everyone loose by talking about scratching where it itches and plowing up snakes and killing them and a bunch of other down-home stuff nobody quite understands. Behind that verbal smokescreen, Fry concentrates on melding a bunch of athletes who might be a step slower than the blue-chippers, who gain all the attention running and throwing, into yet another swarming defense. And Indiana's Lee Corso, with his quick tongue and agile mind, is also something of a loose cannon on the once stable deck of the good ship *Big Ten Football*. Says White, "It used to be that everybody in the Big Ten did the same thing. So you prepared next week just like last week. And at the end, the team with the best talent won. The coaches were all disciples of one another. Now you get to Thursday and you're still trying to figure out how to prepare for the game."

For years the Little Eight was awestruck and intimidated by Hayes at Ohio State and Bo at Michigan. After so many losses at the hands of the Big Two, the Little Eight coaches started copying them. That didn't work, either. But then along came not only 30–95, but new faces and new ideas. It was too much for Woody, who punched his way out of the business—it was only coincidence that the immediate cause was an intercepted pass—and the jury is still out on how Bo will adjust. Meanwhile, all the other coaches have new courage and new resolve—thanks again, Wisconsin—and there is nothing more dangerous and confusing to the old order than a conference full of players and coaches who can look at the scoreboard and get proof that they are just as good as anybody else.

Nowhere is this more evident than at Iowa. The Hawkeyes went to the Rose Bowl after the 1956 and '58 seasons and tied for the Big Ten title in '60, all under Forest Evashevski. Then the Hawkeyes dived under the rock, and four coaches couldn't get them flying again. Last year, when Iowa had a predictable 4–7 season, Fry, coach No. 5, didn't look as if he could, either. So what that he had copied the Pittsburgh Steeler uniforms (down to the exact width of the stripes) and put his team in them, hoping some of the Steeler excellence would rub off? They still played like Hawks.

But the Iowa fans kept on hoping and cheering and attending, and the Hawkeyes began showing some steel. Saturday's defeat? We're talking progress, not miracles. Hayden was calm before the game. "If we don't get it," he said, "we'll tee it up again next week. People will come. It's the only dance in town." Evashevski, now a color man for Iowa football broadcasts on WHO radio in Des Moines, took a stab at describing the essential decency of Iowa's fans thusly: "They wear rubbers when it rains and take them off before they come into your house."

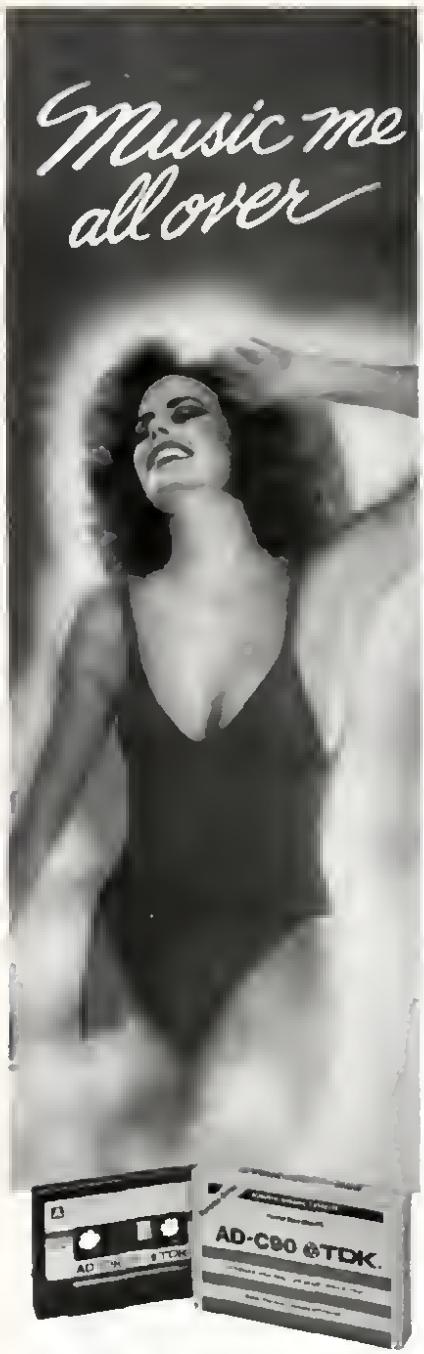
Fry may act as if he just rode into town on the back of a wagonload of wood, but that's just his way. Of his players he demands blood, sweat and tears—and then the real work begins. Iowa has recruited heavily in New Jersey and New York (17 kids from those states are on the roster, including five starters) and isn't shy about picking up junior college players, either. Both Illinois and Iowa recruit J.C. athletes, something Michigan and Ohio State frown on. It's sort of like buying a ready-made team off the rack, they figure. Fry is winning this year with players generally unwanted elsewhere; for example, Defensive End Andre Tippett of Newark, N.J., now a top pro prospect, and Reggie Roby, the nation's leading punter with a 50.2 average despite a poor day Saturday, from Waterloo, Iowa. Only a few teams besides the Hawkeyes went after Roby.



Fry had a feeling that a fall would come.

Iowa can kick and defend, but the offense has been sputtering. Although the Hawkeyes gained 204 yards against Minnesota, just 116 of them were on the ground, and they have scored only one touchdown in their last two games. Bear in mind, however, that the team has lost eight starting offensive players to injury, including the entire starting backfield. Minnesota was no offensive powerhouse itself last Saturday, but it got four field goals—all the Gopher scoring—from Jim Gallery, including a 52-yarder in windy Kinnick Stadium. "Our offense just wasn't worth a flip," said Fry. "We lost to Minnesota because they beat us."

continued



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Iowa got a 34-yard field goal from Freshman Tom Nichol, but he missed two other attempts late in the game that would have won it. Iowa scored its touchdown on a two-yard run by Tailback Phil Blatcher to culminate a 40-yard drive in the third quarter.

The hot novelty item in Iowa City these days is something called Hawkeye Pain Pills. The directions read: "Take two tablets with a large glass of your favorite spirits. Repeat as often as necessary to achieve the desired level of pain relief or until you forget why you are taking these pills." While Iowa fans needed them most last weekend, the entire Big Ten might do well to lay in a supply as its members keep inflicting pain and surprise on one another.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, a "10" when it comes to frankness, sounded off after thrashing Northwestern 38–0. "It's lousy," he snarled, when asked if the Big Ten race wasn't, indeed, a dandy. Lawrence Ricks of the Wolverines ran for 126 yards and two touchdowns, one on a 60-yard dash, and Butch Woolfolk became Michigan's alltime rushing leader with a 106-yard performance that raised his total to 3,368 yards.

Bob Atha's school-record five field goals helped Ohio State defeat Indiana 29–10. So did 186 yards rushing by Tailback Jimmy Gayle. The Hoosiers haven't beaten the Buckeyes since 1951.

Nebraska clung to its Big Eight lead by edging Missouri 6–0 on Phil Bates's three-yard scoring plunge with 23 seconds remaining. A pair of passes from Turner Gill to Todd Brown kept the Cornhuskers' decisive drive alive. Two plays after hitting Brown with a 24-yard strike on third-and-10, Gill fired a 21-yarder to him at the Missouri four.

Iowa State also had to struggle before beating injury- and error-prone Colorado 17–10 in near-freezing weather in Ames. Dwayne Crutchfield powered his way for 168 yards and two Cyclone touchdowns while carrying the ball a team-record 47 times. Two fumbles in the final 5:20 dashed the Buffaloes' hopes for an upset.

Fullback Stanley Wilson ran for 124 yards and Quarterback Darrell Shepard for 105 as Oklahoma raced to a 35–0 halftime advantage over Oregon State. Wilson, Shepard and almost all of the other Sooner first-stringers sat out the final two periods of what turned out to be a 42–3 romp over the Beavers.

In another non-conference matchup, Oklahoma State knocked off Louisville 19–11. A 28-yard field goal by Bruce Kallmeyer with 1:33 to go was the difference as Kansas defeated Kansas State 17–14.

"We told the team that this was going to be like a heavyweight championship fight and it might go into the 12th or 13th round before being decided," said Southern Cal Coach John Robinson after coming out on top 14–7 at Notre Dame. "And that's just about how it happened."

The Irish outgained the Trojans 312 yards to 264. Notre Dame Tailback Phil Carter carried 32 times for 161 yards, while USC's Marcus Allen picked up a season-low 147 yards on 33 tries. Both scored, Allen on a 14-yard gallop in the third quarter for the game's first points, Carter on a five-yard run in the third to tie the score at 7–7. In light of Robinson's pregame allusion to fisticuffs, it was appropriate that Trojan Fullback Todd Spencer, whose father, Thad, is a former heavyweight boxer, scored the knockout blow, a 26-yard touchdown run with 4:52 remaining to be played. Spencer wound up gaining 74 yards on only seven carries.

Notre Dame had a chance to tie or win after Spencer's TD, but Quarterback Blair Kiel fumbled the ball away at the Southern Cal 25-yard line with 11 seconds left. The Trojans, who have won 16 consecutive road games over the last four seasons, now have taken four straight from the Irish.

In the past, Drake, a private college with an enrollment of 4,500 in Des Moines, has been urged to play in a less competitive division, or drop football completely. Lack of money, interest and victories were the reasons cited. All that began to change last season when the Bulldogs went 8–3.

Drake continued its turnaround last week by coming from behind for the fourth time this year. The victim was West Texas State, 21–13. The win, Drake's 13th in its last 14 games, kept the Bulldogs alone at the top of the Missouri Valley Conference and improved their record to 7–0, their finest start in 37 seasons. Quarterback Gary Yagelski connected with Pat Dunsmore on a 31-yard touchdown pass with 3:17 remaining to give the Bulldogs an 18–13 lead. Henrik Mike-Mayer added the final points with a 25-yard field goal in the waning moments. Amero Ware, Drake's hard-running fullback, gained 142 yards on 34 carries. Ware, the nation's third leading rusher, now has gained 997 yards this season.

A week after the Toledo Rockets had surged into first place in the Mid-American Conference, Bowling Green exploited all sorts of holes in their defense and achieved a 38–0 upset. Before pulling off that shocker, the Falcons, who were 1–4–1, had been outscored 109–59. Miami of Ohio defeated Ohio University 40–14 to become the new confer-

continued



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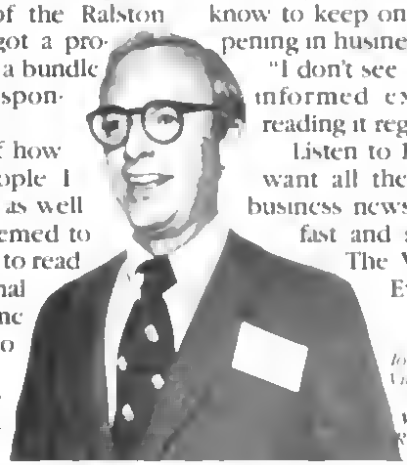
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ence leader. Tied for second place with Toledo was Central Michigan, which breezed past visiting Kent State 24–3.

Concordia won four games in one afternoon. How? Well, like this. Concordia (Ill.) upended Lakeland 36–16, Concordia (Neb.) routed Dana 41–7, Concordia (St. Paul, Minn.) beat Iowa Wesleyan 12–6, and Concordia (Moorhead, Minn.) defeated St. John's by a score of 17–7.

SI TOP 20

1.	PENN STATE (6–0)	1 *
2.	PITT (6–0)	3
3.	USC (6–1)	4
4.	CLEMSON (7–0)	7
5.	GEORGIA (6–1)	5
6.	IOWA STATE (5–1–1)	11
7.	MISS. STATE (6–1)	12
8.	N. CAROLINA (5–1)	2
9.	ALABAMA (6–1–1)	14
10.	TEXAS (5–1)	9
11.	SMU (6–1)	6
12.	ARIZONA ST. (6–1)	15
13.	IOWA (5–2)	10
14.	MICHIGAN (5–2)	13
15.	ARKANSAS (5–2)	8
16.	NEBRASKA (5–2)	17
17.	WASH. STATE (6–0–1)	20
18.	FLORIDA ST. (5–2)	—
19.	S. MISSISSIPPI (5–0–1)	—
20.	HAWAII (5–0)	—

* Last week

EAST *Philadelphia Inquirer* Columnist Bill Lyon wrote the following about Penn State Coach Joe Paterno's reaction after both wire services and SI voted his team No. 1 last week: "He viewed it warily, in the manner of a man who has ordered the 'chef's surprise' and is served a plate of something he regards with suspicion, not entirely sure whether he is supposed to eat it or rinse his laundry in it." Unlike most other No. 1s this season, the Nittany Lions didn't immediately fold. They led visiting West Virginia only 10–7 at halftime but wound up 30–7 victors. Missing from the Penn State lineup because of a pulled hamstring was Tailback Curt Warner, who was and still is ranked third in the nation in rushing yardage per game (167) and first in yards per carry (7.3). Sophomore Jon Williams, who took over for Warner, had 140 yards rushing and scored once. En route to their 23rd consecutive victory over the Mountaineers, the Nittany Lions also got touchdowns from Mike Meade on a one-yard plunge, from Kenny Jackson on an 11-yard catch of a tipped pass and from freshman Tony Mumford on a 13-yard sprint. West Virginia runners gained only 38 yards, but Oliver Luck moved his team by connecting on 24 of 39 passes for 226 yards.

Syracuse seemed to have found a chink in Pitt's run-proof defense; the Orange led 10–0 after one period. The Panthers had given up a total of only 90 yards on the ground in five games, but in that first quarter they yielded 106. Joe Morris picked up 82 of those yards and scored on a seven-yard burst. After that, Pitt tightened the screws. Syracuse got just 85 more yards rushing and Morris ended up with 128. Not even the recovery of two Panther fumbles and the theft of four Dan Marino passes could avert a 23–10 loss for the Orange. Marino passed for three touchdowns and 282 yards, completing 27 of 41 throws.

Yale warmed up for its Halloween showdown with Ivy League co-leader Dartmouth by beating Penn 24–3 as John Rogan and Tony Jones each broke team records. Rogan became the Elis' career passing leader (2,414 yards) with his 166-yard performance; a 49-yard field goal by Jones was the longest in the 110-year history of Yale football. Dartmouth drubbed Cornell 42–7, and Harvard and Princeton played to a 17–17 stalemate. The Ivies dropped a pair of non-conference contests, Brown losing 34–24 at Holy Cross and Columbia to Colgate 41–3. Freshman Doug Flutie passed for 244 yards and three touchdowns as Boston College defeated Army 41–6. Navy runners churned out 390 yards in a 27–0 defeat of William & Mary.

WEST The weather in Laramie, Wyo. was perfect—for Arctic sea lions. Wyoming's Cowboys didn't mind it too much, though, overcoming a 12-mph wind, a driving snowstorm and an early 14–0 deficit to defeat Brigham Young 33–20. The Cowboys began their resurgence with a pair of second-quarter touchdowns and wound up shredding a Cougar defense that had heretofore yielded an average of only 114 yards on the ground. Wyoming ran for 350 yards, with fullbacks Doug Moore and Walter Goffigan combining for 126. Cowboy Quarterback Phil Davis carried 16 times for 140 yards and had scoring runs of 30, 32 and 28 yards. Davis also teamed with James Williams on an 81-yard pass-run play that put Wyoming ahead 21–14 in the third period. Jim McMahon of the Cougars, who wore a brace to support his injured left knee, connected on 29 of 47 passes for 393 yards and two TDs. Along the way, McMahon, a senior, fattened his NCAA record collection to 41 by setting three marks and tying one. Two of the records he surpassed were for total offense. The more significant of those was for total yardage in three years, McMahon's 8,027 yards being 140 more than that accumulated by Stanford's Jim Plunkett.

Hawaii's ball-control game consumed 7:04 in a 16-play, 97-yard scoring drive that gave the Rainbow Warriors a 21–10 lead in the third quarter at San Diego State. WAC rushing leader Gary Allen of Hawaii gained 189 yards and scored a touchdown. The Rainbow Warriors, who won 28–10 and are now 5–0, are one of the six remaining unbeaten and untied Division I-A teams. The victory moved them into a tie for first place with Utah, which won 69–28 at Nevada-Las Vegas. Three Utes ran for more than 100 yards—Carl Monroe (130), Del Rodgers (103) and Ricky Price (101)—and Reggie Wilson caught a Rebel kickoff three yards deep in his end zone and brought it back all the way. That run was part of a 28-point blitz in the third quarter by Utah, which improved its overall record to 6–1. The 69 points by the Utes was the most ever scored against the Rebels in their 14 seasons of playing football.

"We have to do something with our defense," said Stanford Coach Paul Wiggin in the understatement of the day, after visiting Arizona State had walloped the Cardinals 62–36. The Sun Devil defense didn't exactly resemble the Great Wall of China, either. Together, the teams passed for 1,092 yards and had 1,436 yards in total offense—both NCAA records. Mike Pagel of Arizona State set Pac-10 marks with seven touchdown throws and 466 yards passing. Even so, Stanford came out on top in aerial yardage 581 to 511. The Cardinals' John Elway hit on 10 of 17 throws for 270 yards and three touchdowns before suffering another injury—a mild concussion—late in the first half. Sophomore Steve Cottrell replaced Elway and completed 21 of 34 attempts for 311 yards. Halfback Darrin Nelson also had a fine day for the struggling Cardinals, picking up a school-record 237 yards on nine receptions and rushing for 84 yards.

California Coach Roger Theder was more blunt than Wiggin. "Our play in the first half was really disgusting," said Theder, whose team trailed UCLA 34–0 at the intermission. The Bears ended up losing 34–7.

With Clete Caspar completing 11 of his first 12 passes and with Free Safety Paul Sorenson intercepting three passes, Pac-10 leader Washington State jumped to a 27–0 halftime advantage over Arizona. The Wildcats, scratching for a fifth consecutive victory, closed the gap to 27–19 before Sorenson set up the final Cougar touchdown in a 34-19 victory by picking off a pass at the Arizona 38-yard line. Washington State, which scored on five of its first six possessions, gained 338 yards in the first half and 521 in all.

Oregon's Ducks, who once had dreams of sniffing New Year's Day roses, again came up smelling like onions. Air Force fell behind 10–0 but rallied for a 20–10 win that left Oregon 1–6.

SOUTHWEST If, as Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz says, "Happiness is nothing more than a poor memory," then his latest source of joy

continued

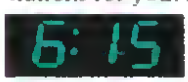


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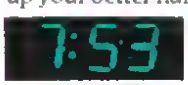
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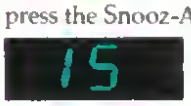
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will be forgetting what happened against Houston Holtz, however, was already trying to forget how his team had lost its last three games with the Cougars after having led on each occasion. It was more of the same last week as the Hogs squandered a 14–0 second-period lead and lost 20–17. The problem wasn't so much that Arkansas pulled a big rock in Little Rock, but that Quarterback Tom Jones played only two series of downs. Jones, who banged up his right knee a month ago against TCU and his passing arm in the Hogs' rout of Texas two weeks ago, threw for touchdowns on both possessions against Houston before leaving the game after injuring his other knee. Sophomore Quarterback Lionel Wilson rallied the Cougars by running for 87 yards and one TD and passing for 141 yards and another score. And barefoot walk-on Mike Clendenen, who kicked a 30-yard field goal in the third quarter, broke a 17–17 tie in the fourth when he booted a 17-yarder that Holtz would dearly like to forget.

Texas' 9–7 defeat of SMU knocked the Mustangs from the unbeaten ranks. The Longhorns had a meager 177 yards in total offense, but Raul Allegre kicked three field goals, the last a 52-yarder that put them in front 9–0 in the final quarter. SMU tailbacks Craig James and Eric Dickerson, who had averaged a total of 234 yards a game, were held to 94 yards, 56 by James. Having his string of 100-yard games brought to a halt at eight was only part of Dickerson's troubles. What was worse was that he lost fumbles at his own 21- and 42-yard lines, the latter on a fourth-and-one gamble late in the third period. It was after Texas had recovered those fumbles that Allegre kicked his first two field goals of the afternoon. John Goodson of Texas set the Mustangs back with punts to their three, 20-, 17- and 13-yard lines. SMU crossed midfield only twice, once on a 70-yard Lance McIlhenny-to-Jackie Wilson touchdown pass.

Texas A&M, winner of three of four one-point games and loser of a two-pointer, had a cakewalk for a change, a 51–26 victory over Rice. That tied the Aggies with SMU for the top spot in the Southwest Conference, half a game ahead of Texas and Baylor. Never before has every SWC team lost at least one conference game this early in the season. Baylor got back into the running by beating Texas Christian 34–21. Four field goals by Chuck Nelson, one a 50-yarder into a 21-mph wind, carried Washington to a 14–7 intersectional triumph at Texas Tech.

SOUTH South Carolina beat North Carolina 31–13 in a game of give-and-take in which the winner did most of the taking. The visiting Gamecocks (5–3) recovered both of the Tar Heels' fumbles and helped themselves to three of their passes. Previously unbeaten North Carolina had committed only eight turnovers in six games. And freshman Linebacker James Seawright picked off one throw for South Carolina and further made a pest of himself with 12 unaided tackles. He assisted on another and knocked away a pass. Noting North Carolina's early three-deep coverage, Quarterback Gordon Beckham took what was available. Beckham completed a series of short passes, often to the sidelines, including a school-record 14 in a row and finished with 16 of 17 for 195 yards. A three-yard touchdown pass by Beckham put South Carolina in front 21–7 in the third period. Tar Heel Punter Jeff Hayes faked a kick and ran 79 yards to make the score 21–13, but the Gamecocks then took charge for good.

"Some teams, like Virginia, line up one way and do something else, but North Carolina didn't," Beckham said as he attempted to explain his uncommon success. "North Carolina played just like it's dtagrammed, and our plans worked." It was helpful, too, that Running Back Johnny Wright added some diversity to South Carolina's attack by carrying the ball 27 times for 115 yards. North Carolina, which was still playing without early-season running sensation Kevin Bryant, also had to get along without another vital offensive cog after Quarterback Rod Elkins was sidelined in the first quarter with an ankle injury.

North Carolina State, too, did lots of taking, intercepting three passes at Clemson and pouncing on two Tiger fumbles. The thefts were to no avail, however, as Clemson won the ACC game 17–7. Tiger Quarterback Homer Jordan made up for his three interceptions, lost fumble and paltry 43 yards passing by rushing for 104 yards.

After a rousing start—Maryland led Duke 21–14 at the end of the first quarter—the pace slowed and the Terps prevailed 24–21. Maryland built its early lead around a 92-yard kickoff return by Tim Quander and scoring runs of 17 and 54 yards by Charlie Wysocki. Gary Schofield's three touchdown passes led Wake Forest to a 24–21 triumph over winless Virginia.

A breakdown in Mississippi State's kicking game enabled Auburn to take a 17–14 lead into the fourth quarter. Danny Skutack of the Tigers blocked Dana Moore's punt in the third period, and fellow Linebacker Chris Martin returned it 32 yards to knot the score at 14–14. On the Bulldogs' next possession, an official ruled that Moore's knee had touched the ground before he could field a bad snap. That snafu gave Auburn the ball on the State 41. Minutes later, Al Del Greco kicked a 26-yard field goal. Moore atoned by punting 66 yards to the Auburn 26 early in the final period. When State got the ball back, John Bond came through with two clutch passes to Wingback Danny Knight—a 32-yarder on fourth-and-nine and a 19-yard strike for a touchdown with one minute to play—to give the Bulldogs a 21–17 victory.

That was only the second scoring pass of the season for Mississippi State, the first having come in the second quarter when Glen Young hauled in a 16-yard throw from Bond. All of which was a bit of sweet revenge for the man in charge of the Bulldog passing game—Doug Barfield, who was fired last year from his head coaching job at Auburn. Still, Mississippi State might not have been victorious had it not been for the play of Middle Linebacker Johnie Cooks. Cooks, the ringleader in a tenacious defense that limited the Tigers to 198 yards in total offense, was credited with 11 unassisted tackles and with lending a hand on a 12th.

"There didn't seem to be much enthusiasm," Georgia Coach Vince Dooley said after his team beat Kentucky 21–0. Vince, though, appeared not to be un-Dooley concerned. After all, the 'Dogs earned their third shutout in seven games and Herschel Walker pounded out 129 yards in 33 carries, despite a bothersome cold and an offensive line that seldom opened straight-ahead holes for him to blast his way through. Walker consequently spent much of his time looking for openings while running laterally.

"'Bama Blast" was the theme of Alabama's homecoming. That's just what it was as the Tide defeated Rutgers 31–7 for its 54th consecutive on-campus victory. Alabama scored on its first three possessions, led 17–0 and used subs for most of the second half.

Vanderbilt broke its streak of 33 SEC losses by overtaking Mississippi 27–23 as Tailback Van Heflin scored on runs of 49 and 13 yards in the fourth period. No one rescued Marshall, however, which blew a 16–0 lead and lost to VMI 20–16. The Herd now has 24 losses and one tie in its last 25 Southern Conference games. In non-conference contests it was Tennessee 28, Memphis State 9 and Miami 31, East Carolina 6.

South Carolina State, which had averaged 33.9 points a game, the loftiest figure in Division I-AA, needed a 14-yard TD pass from second-string QB Ben Mungin to Marion Brown with 2:43 remaining to edge Florida A&M 16–15. Jackson (Miss.) State, which was second in scoring average (31.7), dropped a 15–7 decision to Grambling (La.) State in a battle to determine which team would be first in the Southwestern Conference. END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Quarterback Mike Pagel propelled Arizona State to a 62–36 win over Stanford and set Pac-10 records with seven TD passes and 466 yards through the air. He completed 26 of 34 attempts.

DEFENSE: Tackle Kenneth Sims, a 6′ 6″, 270-pound senior, helped Texas defeat SMU 9–7 by making 11 unassisted tackles and chipping in on four others. He provoked one fumble and recovered another.



The Mutt With A Touch Of Class

Although the sprightly Jack Russell terrier isn't recognized by the American Kennel Club, he's welcome in some very exclusive circles

by E.M. Swift

CONTINUED

"Terriers of indeterminate ancestry, old-fashioned, working Sealyhams, and shortlegged terriers have all come to be known as Jack Russells. The reason for this is that there has grown up a cult—and a snob cult at that—which makes the possession of a 'Russell' terrier something of a status symbol."

—JACK RUSSELL AND HIS TERRIERS, BY DAN RUSSELL

"True terriers they were, but differing from the present show dogs as the wild eglantine differs from a garden rose."

—JACK RUSSELL



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE



A Jack Russell is also very friendly; he loves to cuddle with babies and crawl under the bed covers.

Twenty-three breeds of terrier are recognized by the American Kennel Club. The Airedale is the biggest and, alphabetically, the first; the cairn is the smallest and the West Highland white is the last. (The Yorkshire terrier is officially in the toy group.) There are Australian, Welsh and Scottish terriers from abroad, an American Staffordshire terrier here at home and Border terriers for those who prefer neutrality. There are fox terriers and bullterriers, soft-coated Wheaton terriers and wirehaired miniature Schnauzers. They are a diverse and scrappy group. But there is one terrier virtually in a class by itself, because it is most emphatically not recognized by the American Kennel Club or the Kennel Club of its native Great Britain. It is the Jack Russell terrier.

"The first time I saw one," says an AKC official, "I thought, 'That dog's a mistake.' Esthetically, it hit my eye wrong. They're an unrefined dog."

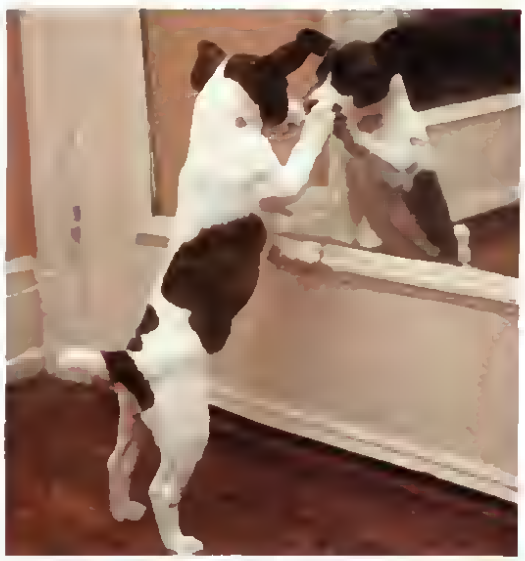
That's true. And Jack Russell people are delighted about it. In their eyes, unrefined and unrecognized is the same as unspoiled, and the last thing this world needs is another strain of spoiled, yapping terrier. "The snob appeal of the Jack Russell," says Captain Arthur Haggerty, an authority on dogs and dog owners, "is being able to say, 'We're not recognized by the AKC, and we don't want to be recognized.' A Jack Russell person is the type of person who would buy a Bentley instead of a Rolls-Royce. It's the exact same car without the grille, you know. They're so wealthy they don't have to worry about impressing anybody."

The grille, in this case, is a long pedigree and a trunk full of ribbons from the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show—the most glamorous of the shows put on by the American Kennel Club, and one which has been utterly dominated by terriers over the years. Jack Russell people are not interested in dog shows. They are interested in a working terrier, one that will dig to foxes and dislocate the spines of rats, while at the same time making a fine house pet. The knock against the AKC is that as soon as a breed achieves recognition, it is shown in prestigious events like the Westminster. As soon as it is shown, there are champions. As soon as there are champions, there are champions that are too valuable to "go to ground." The working qualities of the breed become secondary to physical conformation, and 10 generations later you have a lovely looking terrier that will flee before *Rattus norwegicus*.

"If these terriers ever become soft-bred show dogs," says one Jack Russell owner, "John Russell will turn in his grave."

"In the show-dog world there's too much backbiting," says Mrs. Harden L. Crawford III, president and founder of the Jack Russell Club of America, which she operates out of her home in Far Hills, N.J. "If a judge puts up some- *continued*

These sweet little critters may one day grow up to terrify foxes and destroy rats by the hundreds.



How much is that doggie in the mirror? Speak.



These antic airborne canines suggest the terrier's skill at "constantly exploring the absurd"



body else's dog, you have to worry about whether to invite him over for dinner now. Jack Russells have come at a time when people don't want to be bothered by that anymore. The dog is what it was always meant to be: a super pet and a family dog, and if you want to hunt him, fine. The goal of the club is not to establish the Jack Russell as a pure breed, and certainly it isn't to gain acceptance by the American Kennel Club. We want to keep these terriers as they are: healthy in mind and body. To do that, somewhere along the line you're going to have to introduce some new blood."

That enlightened view is based on seeing what generations of inbreeding has done to such dogs as the St. Bernard, the Dalmatian, the Irish Setter and the bulldog. "Look what they did to the cocker," says Mrs. Gordon Little of Middleburg, Va., who has the largest Jack Russell breeding kennel in the U.S.—34 dogs. "Bred the brains right out of them." It is sort of the rallying cry of Jack Russell owners who are opposed to the American Kennel Club, a dog-lover's "Remember the Alamo!" *Look what they did to the cocker!*

In Great Britain, however, there is a strong faction within the Jack Russell Club that would like to see the breed gain Kennel Club acceptance. (Ironically, the Rev. John Russell, after whom the breed is named, himself was one of the founding fathers of the Kennel Club.) "Above all," the English breed standard states, "if the Jack Russell is to develop as a pure breed, then any further introduction of blood from any other breed must cease."

This notion is ridiculed by D. Brian Plummer, the colorful English author, hunter and past chairman of the Jack Russell Terrier Club of Great Britain, in his book *The Complete Jack Russell Terrier*: "The madness to preserve racial purity of a mongrelly type like that of the Jack Russell terrier is ludicrous to say the least . . . I must confess that my famous stud dog, Warlock—a noted producer of his day—is a blend of beagle, pit bull terrier, fox terrier and Jack Russell, and is certainly under no disadvantage with his mixed ancestry."

There has always been some mystery behind the bloodlines of the Jack Russell terrier. The very first one, a bitch named Trump, was purchased from the milkman. Legend has it that young John Russell, an undergraduate at Oxford, was taking a walk in May of 1819 when a milkman met him with a terrier—such an animal as Russell had only yet seen in his dreams, he halted, as Actaeon might have done when he caught sight of Diana disporting in her bath, but unlike the ill-fated hunter, he never budged from the spot till he had won the prize and secured it for his own."

That passage comes from the Rev. E.W.L. Davies' 1882 biography, *A Memoir of the Rev. John Russell*. It tells us quite a lot. Not least, it tells us that at the age of 23, John Russell was dreaming about dogs. It also tells us that Trump was something of a canine goddess. As befits such a beast, a portrait of Trump hangs in the harness room of Sandringham, a royal estate in Norfolk, England. It has been called a blueprint of how a Jack Russell terrier should look. Trump was white, with tan patches over each ear and another at the root of her tail. Her coat was thick, close and slightly wiry, which protected her front wet and cold. Her legs were straight, her jaw powerful and her rump well-muscled. She weighed about 12 pounds and was the size of a vixen fox. "Her whole appearance," said the Rev. John Russell, "gave indications of courage, endurance and hardihood."

Russell made Trump the progenitrix of his famous line of white-bodied, working terriers, although it never has been adequately explained what type of animal he bred her with. Russell (1795-1883) was a gruff character, much written about, whose infatuation with hunting went back to his boarding-school days. There he kept ferrets, and once used them to even a score with an overbearing senior monitor by slipping the ferrets into the poor fellow's rabbit hutches. It earned the boy a flogging with a whalebone riding whip.

When Russell became the vicar of Swymbridge in 1832, he gained notoriety as the Hunting Parson because he was also Master of the Hounds. This dual role was viewed with distaste by the bishop of his diocese, who once accused Russell of refusing to bury a child's body on a Wednesday because it interfered with the fox hunt. Repeatedly the bishop asked Russell to give up his hounds, and repeatedly Parson Jack refused. One time, however, he did an about-face. "With all my heart," said Russell, "I'll give up the hounds."

The bishop offered to shake on it.

continued


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It's nip and tuck at the races in Guildford, England, except in the far lane, where it's nip and nip

"Mrs. Russell shall keep them," the parson said.

The man had cheek. He is probably best described by an anecdote from Dan Russell's book (Dan is no kin to Parson Jack; the name is a pseudonym).

"Like all good huntsmen Russell was a good field naturalist and very observant. On one occasion he had drawn one of the best coverts blank [*i.e.*, it had failed to produce a fox] when he noticed a thistle in the field. He said to a man standing by, 'Want to earn a shilling? Smell the top of that thistle, then smell it all the way down.' The man did so and sniffed heartily at the stem of the thistle. He was nearly at the bottom, when he gave a snort of disgust. A fox had cocked his leg there. 'There's a fox here somewhere,' said Russell, put his hound back into covert, found the fox and killed him after a good hunt of one hour, forty minutes."

A man like that deserves to have a dog named after him. He would do almost anything to hunt fox. He would ride after his hounds, less interested in killing the fox than in chasing it, and when the fox went to ground, it was time for the terrier to go to work. Parson Jack preferred a longer-legged terrier that could run behind the hounds, rather than a runty one that had to be carried on horseback, so there was usually a short delay while the terrier caught up with the pack. Then the terrier (which derives its name from the Latin *terra*, earth) would locate the hole which the fox had entered and would go to earth. This is why it was important that Trump was the size of a vixen. When it came upon the fox underground, a good terrier wouldn't attack its prey (which would mean the end of the hunt and, occasionally, the end of the terrier), but would bark excitedly, dodging in to nip the fox so that the poor beast would not be entirely unwilling to bolt out of its hiding place to face the hounds again. In this way Russell could dig to the two animals, pull his terrier out by the tail and hold back his hounds while the fox dashed out. After a suitable head start, the hounds were released and the hunt was on again.

There are many stories about the reasoning powers of terriers, the Lassie-ish talent to think out problems that might buffalo an ordinary cur. One of Trump's immediate descendants was named Tip, and Parson Jack used to tell a story about Tip that illustrated this deductive process. They were hunting a certain area one time when a fox bolted and, after a long chase, found refuge in a place called Gray's Holts, a copse so catacombed with badger tunnels that it was impossible to dig to the fox. It had escaped. Some time later they hunted the same general area and, again, a fox bolted. The hounds were in close pursuit when, to Russell's great surprise, Tip took off in the opposite direction.

"He's off, Sir, to Gray's *continued*

The determined Jack Russell doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word "can't." He even puts that little something extra in the old game of fetch



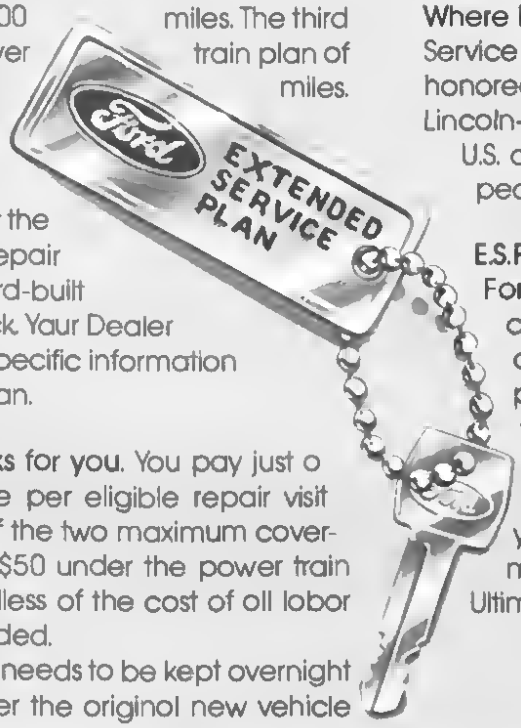
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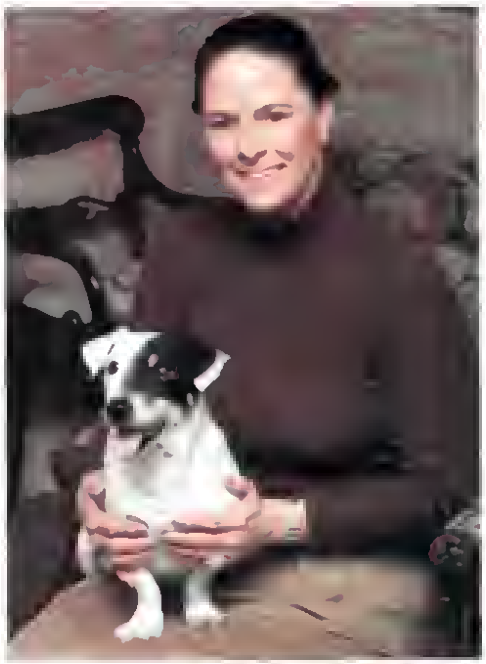
Holts I know he is," a companion shouted.

The dog had recognized it as the same fox that had eluded them before. Sure enough, the fox eventually circled around, and when it arrived at Gray's Holts, there was Tip, giving tongue, growling, huffing its 13-pound body into such a fearsome state that the fox veered off. Recalled Russell, "Perfect success crowned the maneuver the fox, not daring to face the lion in his path, gave the spot a wide berth; while the hounds, carrying a fine head, passed on to the heather, and after a clinking run killed him on the open moor."

Tip eventually passed away in the terrier equivalent of dying with one's boots on. The old dog died of asthma while to ground even as Parson Jack was digging to it and the fox it had cornered down there in the bowels of the *terra*.

Russell himself died at the carious old age of 88, and when he did his kennels went the way of the four winds. Some of the direct descendants of his terriers came into the hands of a sportsman named Arthur Heinemann, who is sometimes cited as the last of the true Jack Russell breeders. Heinemann died of pneumonia at the age of 60, in 1930, after falling into a pond while coursing on New Year's Day, and his kennels were subsequently dispersed. Good thing, too, Jack Russell fanciers would say. If some of the original blood of Trump had still been around, undiluted by crossbreeding, it no doubt would have been coursing through the veins of an idiot terrier—*Look what they did to the cocker!*—with none of the reasoning ability of a chicken, never mind Tip. "As an illustration of what in-breeding can do," writes Dan Russell, "the author remembers that in his youth, when there was little mechanised transport, every village had one or two 'naturals,' because the young men married girls from next door. Over a period of years, this in-breeding resulted in some children being born 'simple.' Nowadays, boys can range farther afield for their brides with the result that the village 'natural' is a thing of the past.

"What is sometimes forgotten," he continues, "is that John Russell bred a *type* of fox-terrier, not a separate breed. . . . Although his favorites shared his fireside, they all worked to fox. One can imagine that any young dog that showed reluctance to face its enemy underground was speedily got rid of."



Is little Kipper smiling? Mrs. Crawford apparently thinks so

First and foremost, Jack Russell's terriers had to be game. They also had to be primarily white so that they could be quickly distinguished from the fox—both underground and in the open field, where a bloodthirsty hound might find a tan-colored terrier too tempting to resist. Introducing bulldog blood to a fox terrier or Border terrier added both whiteness and gameness, but it produced too hard a dog, one that would silently kill the fox underground instead of holting it. Beagle blood would soften this cross, while also adding an appropriate amount of tongue. Tongue is very important, and there is a world of difference between a dog that gives tongue and a dog that yaps. Modern Jack Russell owners repeatedly draw this distinction between their dog and other terriers. The point is, Jack Russells *are* a mongrelly dog. That milkman back in 1819 wasn't carrying around a mutation—he had a rather nice-looking accident that dog breeders and sportsmen have been trying to copy for the last 162 years. Their efforts are now collectively referred to as the Jack Russell terrier, because the direct line of Trump's descendants has long since vanished.

The modern Jack Russell terrier can be either smooth-coated or wiry. He comes in two sizes: up to 11 inches at the shoulder and up to 15 inches at the shoulder. His head should be well-balanced and carried on a strongly muscled neck, his jaws powerful with a scissors bite, and his ears V-shaped and dropped. His tail, which is usually docked, should be at least four inches long, enough to give a man a good handhold. The dog's chest should be narrow enough to be spanned by two hands behind the shoulder blades. "We have a tendency to breed them too stocky or chunky in this country," says Mrs. Crawford, who shows only 339 Jack Russells in the registry of her club, which was founded in 1976. (It has been esti-

continued



In a friendly fight, a J.R. bares the fangs that foxes fear

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mated, however, that there are 3,000 Jack Russells in the U.S.) "If we keep breeding them like this, they're going to have trouble going to ground. But there are many people who could care less about them going to ground. They want them mostly as pets."

And fine pets they make, although if confined to, say, a city apartment, they can be difficult to house-train and tend to lift their legs on the furniture to mark the territory (Parson Jack no doubt would approve.) They are affectionate to the point of crawling beneath their masters' bedcovers, and are reportedly wonderful with children. "The Jack Russell relates better to people than other terriers," says Captain Haggerty. "Some people consider this a sign of intelligence. I think not."

Haggerty considers the pit bullterrier to be the most intelligent of the terriers, because all the dumb ones died in the pits. But apparently all the attractive ones died in the pits as well, and there must be very few people who would let a bullterrier crawl beneath the covers. But returning to the Russell, Betty Smith, an Englishwoman who owns Jack Russells, has practically made a study of how well they relate to people. She finds they are intelligent enough to communicate on many different levels. For instance, there is the ear level, and in her book, *The Jack Russell Terrier*, Mrs. Smith writes that they have "the most amazingly expressive ears, which they can move up and down like no other dog, and with which they can almost talk." The qualifier is dropped when she moves on to the barking level: "Once you learn their language, they *can* talk."

She describes the famous Jack Russell "Hurry, hurry!" bark, which is akin to a whimper; its "In-need-of-human-assistance" bark, which is persistent and penetrating, reserved for moments such as when a pony is caught in a bog; its "Stuck-in-empty-hole" bark, which it is willing to repeat until you have pulled it out by its four-inch tail; and its "Stuck-in-hole-with-badger" bark, which is a bit more alarmed. When it comes time to describe the obnoxious "Stuck-outside-want-in" bark, Mrs. Smith sketches this scenario: cold night; hot fire; deep armchair. Ahhh! Gentle scratch on the door. Bleep. Another scratch and a pitiful whimper. Twinges of conscience. Pause. Two short barks. Pause. Jack Russell attacks the door with both forefeet—yet another level of communication—scratching off the paint. (They are demanding little dogs.) Furious, you fling open the door, ready to wring his strongly muscled neck, when "he shoots in, turns around two or three times, and then leaps into your arms. You can't be cross after that," Mrs. Smith assures us.

That's another thing. Jack Russells are little comedians, tiny Steve Martins constantly exploring the absurd. (As opposed to, say, the basset hound, which leans more toward dry wit.) For instance, Kipper, who is Mrs. Crawford's Russell, regularly attacks the vacuum cleaner, evi-



dently mistaking it for a very small man from outer space. He also has some strange eating habits: plums, lettuce, sandwiches. Anything for a laugh. "To see a dog eat a grape has got to be the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen," Mrs. Crawford says. "It's not because he's a garbage pail. These dogs think they're human." (Indeed, Mrs. Little was once reduced to pretending to dine on dog food in order to get one of her Jack Russells to try it. "I was just keen on it," she recalls, "making lip-smacking noises and the rest of it.") Kipper also regularly smiles at Mrs. Crawford, something his owner never confessed until she started getting letters from other Jack Russell owners saying that their dogs were smiling at them.

This human quality within the Jack Russells is, by all accounts, their most endearing trait. They are also fearless to the point of self-destruction, charming, enjoy the company of horses and, because they live by the saying "Monkey see, monkey do," tend to reflect the attitudes of their masters. All this became frightfully significant when a rumor was circulated that the President of the United States, Ronald Reagan, had put in an order for one of Mrs. Little's Jack Russell pups.



One quick shake by a skilled Russell breaks a rat's neck.

In the summer of 1980, then-candidate Reagan rented Wexford Farm, a retreat in Middleburg, Va. built by John F. Kennedy. It happens to be about a mile down the road from Mrs. Little's home, and the caretaker of Wexford, Marky Love, owned one of her Jack Russells. His name was James. Reagan would take James on daily walks, and the two became fast friends—confidants, one might say. Reliable sources report that Ron and Nancy cuddled with James in bed. James was a grandson of Mrs. Little's dog Willie, and rumor had it that the Reagans had requested a First Pup from Willie's next litter.

The word spread like wildfire among Jack Russell terrier owners, whose numbers include Jimmy Carter's sister, Ruth Stapleton, and Jackie Kennedy Onassis' mother, Mrs. Bingham W. Morris. As has been previously mentioned, the snob appeal of this little beast is considerable. The rumor proved unfounded, however, much to the relief of one of the breed's admirers, who envisioned foreign dignitaries being attacked by the feisty Jack Russell—not to mention the disturbing possibility of the Oval Office being marked by a deftly cocked leg.

Presidents and dogs have gone together for a long time. George Washington kept foxhounds. Lyndon Johnson had a pair of beagles, Him and Her, which gave some of their best tongue when dangling by the ears. When he was running for Vice-President in 1952, Richard Nixon had a black-and-white dog named Checkers that got him out of a lot of trouble when he was accused of accepting illegal campaign contributions. Checkers was a cocker spaniel.

But terriers have probably been the most popular breed to inhabit the White House. One of the Kennedys' nine dogs was a Welsh terrier named Charlie. Woodrow Wilson had an Airedale, and Franklin Roosevelt had a Scottish terrier named Fala. Fala has been called "the most influential dog in American history." While touring the Pacific shortly before the 1944 election, Roosevelt forgot Fala in the Aleutian Islands and sent a destroyer back to pick him up. The Republicans, fiscally minded hounds that they are, publicly objected to such use of taxpayer money, thus breaking that time-honored political maxim: Never belittle dogs, because there are millions of them in the country, and some of their masters are voters. Roosevelt parried with a brilliant speech, allowing that he didn't care what the Republicans thought of him, but to attack "my little dog Fala" was going too far. The voters apparently thought so, too.

Teddy Roosevelt had both a fox terrier named Scamp and ferrets to chase the rats through the White House drains. He was on the right track there—ferrets are weasel-like animals, easily domesticated, which dine on rats—but if Teddy had been really serious about ridding the White House of rats, he would have traded in Scamp for a good Jack Russell. Of all the things they do, Jack Russells are best at killing rats. No less an authority than D. Brian Plummer, in his *Tales of a Rat-hunting Man*, writes, "I make no bones about it. . . . My best ratting terriers have been some of the assorted hotch-potch we call Jack Russells."

Plummer knows whereof he speaks. In 1977 his ratting team of four Jack Russells took three tons of rats from assorted chicken farms and maggot factories in northern England—1,126 in a single day. (Parson Jack, incidentally, never took on rats; it was foxes or nothing.) Somewhere within the mongrelly Jack Russell obviously lurks the blood of Billy, a bulldog-terrier cross who weighed 26 pounds and in the early 19th century killed 1,000 rats in 54 minutes in a rat pit. One rat every three seconds. Writes Plummer: "The courage of a dog who could stick his nose into a pile of a thousand rats is beyond question."

Plummer considers the rat to be greatly underrated as quarry. "I know of no sport as exciting," he writes, "and have friends who will come from as far afield as Germany for a good night's ratting." Further, the ratter is one sportsman who's not likely to live to see the day when his prey is an endangered species. "Value the sporting qualities of the rat very highly indeed," warns Plummer. "He will be the last quarry that the anti-field-sport people will seek to protect."

You doubt this could be a sport? Lis-

continued

ten to this rat tale as told by Plummer: "One of my friends, who was the owner of the poultry farm, succeeded in dislodging an old scabrous buck skulking in the poultry droppings under the trays. He ran along the trays, raced up my arm, and disappeared down the floppy neck-hole of my sweater, scrabbling against my naked chest. The night, previously sweltering, suddenly became very, very cold, and my whole body went incredibly clammy with fear. With sweating hands, I reached down and grabbed his tail, which was lashing around my face at the time, and drew him scrabbling and scratching from my sweater. . . . It is no exaggeration to say I was limp with terror. I called it a day and sat in my car trying to get my breath back."

Now that's sport. Mrs. Crawford went ratting with Plummer and saw his Jack Russells kill a couple of hundred rats in a condemned chicken house in a matter of a few hours. She didn't particularly enjoy it, though. Earlier, Plummer had stopped up all the ratholes in the chicken house, except for one or two, and saw to it that there was plenty of chicken feed to lure his prey out. When the hunters returned at night, there ensued a veritable rat race for the exits—which were plugged—and the Jack Russells found plenty of opportunity to wreak their vengeance. "When you turned on the lights of the chicken house, the rats all leaped out at you in midair," Mrs. Crawford reports. "It was unpleasant."

Not for the Russells, who grab the rats by the back, if possible, and break their loathsome necks with a quick and angry shake. To continue shaking the rat is considered bad form, for doing so allows other rats to escape. One shake and onward. Jack Russells practice this move when they play fetch—even Jack Russells who have never seen a rat. They do not retrieve a stick, they kill it. Grrrrr. You can't believe the little dog that was smiling at you a minute ago can be so vicious. Writes Dan Russell, "Terriers can be likened to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In the house they are almost soft and love the fireside but, always, the great idea is, 'Let's go out and kill something.' "

All too often that "something" turns out to be themselves. The courage that allows them to take on fox, rat and badger becomes recklessness, even stupidity, when they take on, say, a horse's hoof. Many go the way of one of Plummer's dogs: "Poor old Drum, a heck of a good hunter and a really loyal dog. I eventually lost him after he leaped out of my van into the path of a sports car." Tiffany Teeter, who has six Jack Russells on her farm in New Hope, Pa., says, "They all think they're Irish wolfhounds, which is a bad thing, of course, in terms of survival." She estimates that a Russell is doing very well to live six years on a farm—they'll average 14-16 years as a house pet—and has heard of three different instances of a Russell being killed by a hay bale thrown from a loft.



Parson Jack, a fox-hunting man, began the breed

Mrs. Crawford had three Jack Russells several years ago who chased a bull raccoon down a drain pipe. When they hadn't emerged by 6 a.m. the following day, she called in a backhoe. It dug for 12 hours, creating a ditch 11 feet deep that ran for 300 feet and cut all the electrical lines to the house. When finally uncovered, there were the three Russells, scrabbling all over each other to get closest to the raccoon, which was backed against the cellar. Russells can live up to a week underground without food or water, and in that instance, all emerged unharmed, including the raccoon.

Mrs. Crawford's dogs were considerably luckier than those owned by one A.H. Lockwood, who went fox hunting one day in the Pennines in England with two Jack Russells and a Border terrier. The three dogs went to ground under a large rock and were heard to cry out suddenly, as if in pain. Then silence. Fifteen minutes later the alarmed Lockwood crawled in after his terriers. He found one, then another, both dead. He then went after the third, a Russell named Prince. By this time Lockwood was in a small tunnel and gasping for breath. He finally found Prince, who was dead as well, although Lockwood didn't realize it, and was pulling the dog out when he discovered that his limbs were going numb. Happily, a companion outside the hole, aware that something was wrong, yanked Lockwood out by his feet. When Lockwood came to in the hospital, a doctor informed him he had almost died, like his terriers, of that miners' nightmare, black damp.

The question is: Is the world ready to take on the Jack Russell? One fearful owner, upon hearing that the Reagans were considering a Jack Russell, predicted that "all hell will break loose" and that the attendant publicity would once again bring back the days when any small, peculiarly conformed, whitish terrier was peddled as a Jack Russell. To be sure, the one thing this hardy animal probably couldn't survive is acceptance by the masses (*Look what they did to the cocker!*). And consider the bother. You would be wiping them from cars' grilles like bugs.

One last word of warning, courtesy of Mrs. Smith—and sound advice it is, too, if Ron and Nancy should change their minds and try to finish the job that Teddy Roosevelt started so long ago:

"If you take your terrier ratting, always wear slacks or breeches tucked either into your Wellingtons or into your socks so that the rats cannot run up your trouser legs or skirt. This happens far more often than one might imagine, and, although it may be excruciatingly funny to the rest of the party, it is no joke for you."

Those Jack Russell people. They'll laugh at anything. **END**

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First Person

by WILLIAM J SUTTON

A HISS IN THE CELLAR ENCOILED THE AUTHOR IN A VENOMOUS NIGHTMARE

We're lost when we leave our cities. Those of us born and raised there don't know how to function when we find ourselves in the "natural" world that's so large and strange to us. Things aren't made to our scale out there. The space seems limitless. Rules apply there that man didn't make, and they aren't written; they're learned from experience. That's sometimes a painful processs—sometimes a lethal one.

I learned that shortly after moving in midwinter to a town named Parker, Colo., about 25 miles southeast of Denver. My wife and I were going to try to breed and raise thoroughbred horses, while I worked as a supervisor in a catalogue house to help make ends meet. So we leased a little spread, with a modest house, a barn and a quarter section of land. A quarter section is 160 acres, which, if it were in a square parcel, would measure a half mile on a side. It was, to me, a lot of land.

The surprises that nature gave us were pleasant at first: Watching a herd of mule deer move slowly up a draw at the bottom of the hill my house was on, the does in the lead. Seeing an owl fly like a giant butterfly through a silent, snow-spangled night. Listening to the coyotes bicker at 5 a.m. over something they had caught. Heading for the barn one morning and finding a herd of antelope grazing in the pasture. I felt as though I had returned to Eden and was a new Adam, naming the animals as I found them. I thought it was fun.

Around St. Patrick's Day, we had a spell of weather that was sweet and warm beyond believing. As I would find out later, Denver doesn't really have a spring as I knew it, but this was a beautiful and premature imitation. We took advantage of it by saddling up and going for a nice ride.

The first thing I noticed when we got back to the house was a very loud, high-pitched noise. It sounded like gas or steam escaping under pressure. It seemed to be coming from the basement. I opened the outside door to the cellar. We had two dogs, which we kept in the basement whenever we'd leave. Normally, they would tumble out of the doorway as soon as it was opened. They didn't. They stuck their heads around the corner at the bottom and then retreated out of sight.

I started down the cellar stairs, mentally tabulating what it was going to cost to get someone this far out into the country to fix a broken line. My suspicions about the cause of the sibilant noise were rapidly approaching confirmation as I reached the bottom of the steps. I'd pinpointed the sound as coming from the water heater, but as I turned toward the heater, I didn't see any escaping steam or water. The dogs came up to me excitedly, and then ran back toward the water heater, and in that instant I saw what was making the sound.

There on the floor next to the heater was a prairie rattlesnake, coiled and rattling, ready to strike. The dogs seemed all set to go for him when I yelled for them to stay. I don't know if I'd ever yelled that loud before in my life. They backed off and I chased them up the stairs. Adam had a new animal to name. It wasn't as much fun as before.



I ran back upstairs and slammed the door shut as though the snake were coming up the stairs. "There's a damn rattlesnake down there," I said to my wife. Then, as if someone had given me instructions, I headed for the barn.

"Where are you going?" she asked me.

"To get a hoe."

I could have tried shooting the snake, but I realized that a stray bullet offered all kinds of potential hazards. The snake was more or less in a corner and a rifle shot could ricochet off a wall with dire effect to the water heater or even myself. I would somehow have to kill the snake without shooting it, and the hoe seemed like my best bet.

A phrase came to mind that we'd used in the service to describe a crisis situation: gut check. At the time this was happening, though, I didn't consider it to be a test of courage. I only wanted it to be over.

Hoe in hand, I reopened the basement door with dread. The noise was still going on. As I went downstairs all kinds of doubts went through my mind. I was about to attempt something that was totally outside my experience. Nothing had ever happened in my life to prepare me for a moment like this. I had no idea if I would succeed, but I had to. As far as I knew, the only way to get the snake out of my basement was for me to kill it and take it out. I reached the bottom of the stairs hoping it was all a bad dream, and the snake wouldn't be there. He was there. At that moment I was filled with an overwhelming wish to be somewhere else, anywhere else. If sheer mental effort could transport a man, I'd have been gone.

I raised the hoe and slowly moved toward the snake. I had to kill it, but I didn't know how to begin. I could see its eyes watching me, and behind its head a blur, which was its tail. The sound was indescribable, echoing off the concrete, like the chirr of locusts on a summer night.

continued



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I pushed the hoe in its face, tentatively, the way a boxer jabs at an opponent in the early rounds to measure him. I didn't know what the hell I was doing. I just felt that I had to do something. The snake wasn't impressed. It struck at the hoe. Successfully. As I pulled it back I could see the venom dripping down the blade.

At that instant of fumbling and frustration, the training of forgotten years suddenly paid off. In desperation, my brain went back to boot camp—Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego. I recalled fighting with pugil sticks at bayonet practice. I hadn't distinguished myself at that activity, but I had new motivation. I struck a stance that was probably ridiculous, but who was watching? I raised the hoe overhead and brought it down in the middle of the snake. At the same time, I let out a yell that would've made a DI proud. The hoe connected somewhere in the snake's midsection. It stretched out from its coiled position, and I yelled and struck again. I think at this time I was reacting as much from fear as anything else. I don't know how many more times I hit it. When I was done it was dead.

I felt triumphant. I was victorious, not so much over the snake as over circumstances that only moments before had overwhelmed me. But even in my euphoria, I found it odd that the noise persisted, seemingly as loud as before. As I went back upstairs I vaguely recalled an old wives' tale about rattlesnakes—after you kill one its tail keeps going until sundown. It didn't make sense, but I was new to such mysteries. I informed my wife of the demise of our guest. I think I probably swaggered a bit as I headed toward the barn to put the hoe away.

Before I got there, I met Dean, my landlord, standing at the pasture gate. "Dean," I said, "how long does it take for a rattlesnake's tail to stop going after he's dead?"

"Why, did you kill one?"

"Yup."

"Where?"

"In the basement."

"*In the basement*!"

"Yup."

"Let's go."

And we went. We heard the sound as soon as we got back to the house. "I don't understand it. I'm sure it's dead," I said. Down the stairs again, and around the corner. The corpse was still there, motionless. The sound was still being made. We walked up to the dead snake.

I don't know which of us saw the other rattlesnake first. It was about three feet from us, in the corner, coiled between the wall and a vertical two-by-six. It was actually off the ground, wrapped into that space like a pretzel.



Dean swore and grabbed the hoe from me. The blade was too wide to fit into the space, so he turned the hoe around and used the handle to poke at the snake, trying to scrape it out of there. The snake writhed and twisted. If you have ever seen a snake move, you have some appreciation for the strange feeling that its motion generates in the watcher. The nature of the snake's musculature or something gives the impression that the snake is going in different directions at the same time. It gives you an eerie feeling. It doesn't seem possible that you're watching one creature go through all that motion. Dean got the snake to move out onto the floor and gave it one good whack behind the head and killed it. At last the basement was quiet. We got a paper bag and a shovel and scooped the two snakes into the bag. And then we went upstairs and had a drink.

As we drank, we tried to figure what my wife and I should do next. Circumstances prevented impulsive action. It just isn't possible to move 20 head of horses on the spur of the moment. We had no idea how the snakes had got in there. We had no idea if there were others or if there would be others. We eventually persuaded ourselves that the warm weather had caused these two snakes to come out of their hibernation earlier than usual, that they somehow got into our basement, and that it was a one-time occurrence.

Later that night I went into the basement to test our one-time theory and put my mind at rest. I took a flashlight to be thorough. I even went so far as to shine the light along the tops of the walls, where the beams supporting the floor above rested, and when I saw the pattern of a six-inch section of snake slowly moving above my head, I couldn't believe it. My breath stopped. I moved the light away and then back again. The snake was still there. I went back upstairs. Once again, I didn't quite know what to do next. My wife, by now, was nearly hysterical. She wanted to leave and check into a motel. I didn't see that we were in any immediate danger—but that was a long night.

I went to work the next day and had a good time telling the story. My enjoyment was much less intense that night when I returned home, checked the basement and found the snake again. It was in a different location, but it was there. And I had to figure out how to get rid of it.

I decided to shoot it with my 20-gauge. I couldn't think of any alternative. It was located above my head. I could see only a

continued

small section of its body. I didn't know where its head was, and I couldn't see any wires or pipes around it.

I told my wife to keep the dogs out of the part of the house above where I was going to shoot and to stay away herself, in the unlikely event that the pellets penetrated the floor. And I shot it. It writhed and I shot it again. It fell from the ledge and scared me nearly dead, but it was the one that was dead.

After that, assuming there were more snakes in the cellar, we settled down to a siege. We couldn't just pull up and leave because the horses couldn't be abandoned. We weren't really in any danger because the snakes couldn't get into our living quarters—and we didn't go into the basement unnecessarily, believe me. The siege even had certain advantages: On a slow Saturday I could always grab a weapon and go down to the basement to hunt snakes. And I kept finding them, one at a time.

We called county agents, zoos, exterminators and fish and game agencies looking for a way to get rid of them en masse. And we got suggestions. It's truly amazing how people will feel obliged to answer a question, even when they don't have an answer. We were advised to buy a mongoose and turn it loose. Someone else said to get a pig, that it could combat rattlers with immunity because of its protective fat. One of the more imaginative answers had a certain appeal—it was to put out saucers of Black Flag and let the snakes eat it. The appeal was that it sounded so simple. Another theory was to get some bull snakes and put them in the basement with the rattlers. Somehow the bull snakes would engage the rattlers in combat and emerge victorious. Well, I'm pretty gullible, but before acting on advice that seemed less than profound, I thought I'd turn to my ace in the hole. My ace in the hole, my sure thing, was my friend, Lloyd Goding, who was about to get a master's degree in biochemistry at the University of New Mexico. His field of study was in warfirins, which are kinds of rodent poison. Would he know how to get rid of these snakes? Does a koala bear like eucalyptus? I mean this was solid.

I related the whole business to Lloyd, complete with all the flaky suggestions. He took it all in, said he wanted to talk to the dean of his department, who was a herpetologist, and then he'd call me back. To his credit, I don't think he laughed. Three hours later the phone rang. "Hello," I said.

"Let me tell you exactly what he said," Lloyd said. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Use a gun or a club. And be very careful when you pick them up, because the venom is still dangerous."

"That's it? What about. . .?"

"Forget all the rest. Black Flag is good for cockroaches and other insects, but it won't do much against snakes, particularly since I don't know how you'd get them to eat it."

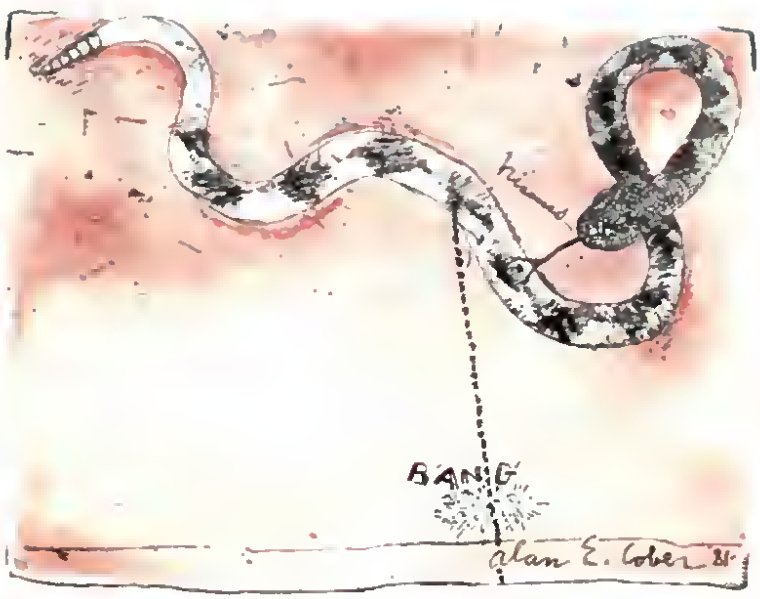
"Yeah. Thanks."

I can't say I was surprised by Lloyd's bleak report. One final phone call did get an exterminator who said he had a method that he used for Minuteman missile silos—it involved the use of cyanide and would render the house uninhabitable for two years. I didn't think Dean would endorse that idea, although he'd said that he'd told his insurance man about my problem and asked the man's advice. The insurance agent had recommended burning the place down, saying he'd rather have a fire insurance claim on the house than a liability suit resulting from a death from snake bite that had occurred on the property.

Weeks went by, and the battle went on. I tried to lure the rattlers out of hiding and into the center of the basement, feeling it would be easier to kill what was easily seen. This effort involved buying a mouse cage and two mice. I hung the cage from the basement ceiling. No luck. One mouse escaped, and the other died a natural death.

We discovered how the snakes had gotten into the cellar. There was a full basement under only half the house. The other half was just a crawl space. The entrance to the crawl space was a 2′×2′ boarded opening in the wall behind the water heater. I took the cover off this opening and could see into the crawl space. At the other end I could see a small hole in the foundation. Apparently the snakes had come in through that hole the previous fall. Perhaps they had been attracted to the full basement because it was warmer than the crawl space; they had entered the larger room by dropping over from the top of the wall separating it from the crawl space.

Looking into the crawl space one day, I saw the outline of a large snake. I killed it easily with one shot from the 20-gauge. There were no problems with wires or pipes in the crawl space. But now there was a problem with that snake. It was 25 or 30 feet into an unlighted space that was probably occupied with friends of the deceased. Spring was on the way. Warmer weather not only meant more activity from my tenants, but it also meant the decomposition of the corpse. I had no idea what a rotting snake smelled like. I didn't want to know. Neither did I want to go in there to get it out. This dilemma set up the Last Great Snake Adventure.



continued

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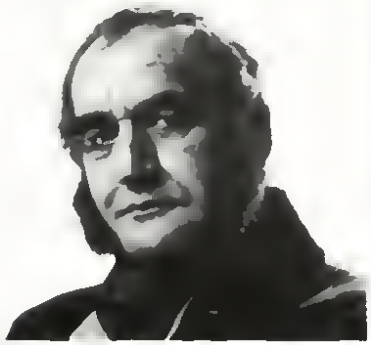
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It started, as so many things do, with a conversation. Dean was over one Sunday and the talk turned to snakes, as usual. I remarked about the remains in the crawl space and wondered aloud about how to get the dead snake out. If memory serves, we were having tall Scotches at the time. More than one. A look of resolve came onto Dean's face. "Hell, I'll go in there and get it out. You guys have put up with enough. You don't have to smell a dead snake." (I should comment that Dean was generous almost to a fault during this whole debacle.)

We went to the barn and got a 400-watt light. I secured several extension cords. The idea was to give Dean some light to take with him as he wriggled around in the crawl space. He would, at his insistence, go in with my short-barreled .22/410. I was going to "cover him" with my 20-gauge. I held onto that shotgun as moral support. I didn't actually expect any snakes to attempt an ambush.

Looking back, I don't think I really had any understanding of the bravery I was seeing. Dean was going into a space so confining that he couldn't even begin to stand up. He was going to be in darkness except for the narrow beam of light emitted by his hand-held lamp. His only exit would be through an opening that measured about two feet square. And he might be entering a space occupied by dozens of venomous snakes. Maybe we were just fools. Or drunk.

But back into the basement we went. It was beginning to smell like something left over from World War II, what with all the gunfire that had gone on.

As we took the cover off the crawl space, I said, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Hell, no. You think I shouldn't?"

"Who knows?"

"Let's go."

And, light in one hand and gun in the other, Dean crawled through the opening. His back was to me and he was just beginning to turn around when the light went out. You could've heard him yell in Kansas. So many words were coming out of him at once that it was hard to know what he was asking for, but clearly his first priority had to be to get the light fixed. He was screaming for me to find where the connection had been broken in the line of extension cords. I frantically fed the cord through my hands, looking for something that wasn't right. I didn't have any luck, but suddenly, with Dean still yelling, the light came back on. Dean said sheepishly, "I stepped on the damn thing and broke a connection up at this end." Then he looked up and said, "There's one right there," and I moved back from the opening as he raised the gun and shot the snake. It was a very small one, less than 12 inches long. We had reached the point of measuring them, almost like fish. We were disappointed by the little ones.

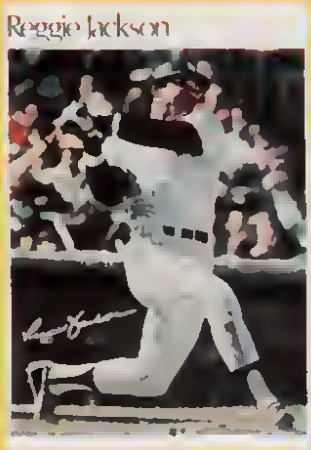
Well, Dean kept crawling around in there and accomplished a lot. He got the corpse of the large snake out. He found and killed a total of seven more rattlers, ranging in size to about 18 inches and bringing to 18 the total that had been found in the house.

Several weeks later, in May, I would discover the 19th and last rattler. It had been weeks since we'd seen any, and we'd just about concluded that we were through with them. Habits are sometimes hard to break, though, and I still patrolled the basement on a regular basis. During one such patrol, on a weekend, I spotted No. 19. It was up in the beams, where the third one I'd killed had been. The pattern of its skin was visible, and the thickness of its body indicated it was another large one. I used the .22 and shot it through the middle of its body. The shock caused it to flip over as it fell right toward me. Almost in a panic, I jumped to avoid the snake. It landed on the cement floor, writhing and rattling, its back broken. I raised the gun, aimed for its head, pulled the trigger and killed it. While my body was doing those things, I was feeling a sadness at the act. The snake wasn't there by choice; instinct had driven it into my house to seek a place to hibernate. It wasn't moved by malice or design to put me and mine in danger. But it *was*, without doubt, dangerous, and it seemed to me that I'd failed because I'd been unable to neutralize that danger without destroying life. I killed it because I had to, and I was sorry that I had to.

We found a place to move to by summer, although no more snakes were left in the crawl space by then, we were certain. Dean said that there was an old Indian belief that if you hung a dead rattler out to dry, it would bring rain. We hung a few on the fence at the end of May. It rained every day in June. END









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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 19-25

Compiled by JANE E. BACHMAN

BASEBALL—The Los Angeles Dodgers won three of five games from the New York Yankees to take the lead in the 78th World Series (*page 30*)

BOWLING—STEVE COOK beat Earl Anthony to win a $110,000 tournament in Indianapolis 234–184

PRO FOOTBALL—New Orleans won its second game of the season with a 17–7 upset of AFC Central-leader Cincinnati as rookie George Rogers ran for one touchdown and 113 yards. It was his third straight 100-yard rushing game. San Diego was knocked from the AFC West lead when Chicago snapped a four-game losing streak by beating the Chargers 20–17 in overtime. The Bears won it on John Roveto's field goal 9:30 into O.T. Similarly the Giants capped their 27–24 upending of Atlanta with a 40-yard Joe Danelo kick with 5:40 left in sudden death. The loss prevented the Falcons from keeping pace with the 49ers, who defeated Los Angeles 20–17 and maintained sole possession of the NFC West lead (*page 72*). In another upset, Jim Hart passed for his 199th and 200th career touchdowns and Neil O'Donoghue booted three field goals as St. Louis ran its season record to 3–5 with a 30–17 victory over NFC Central-leader Minnesota. It was the first loss in six games for the Vikings, and it left them only one ahead of the Lions, who gave birth to a new star. Quarterback Eric Hipple, starting in his first NFL game, threw for four touchdowns and ran for two more as Detroit ran up its highest score since 1954 in a 48–17 Monday night defeat of Chicago. Hipple's heroics continued as he accounted for three TDs, including the game clincher on a five-yard run, during a 31–27 victory over Green Bay. His passing totals for the week: 34 of 61 and 607 yards. Another quarterback rolling up big yardage was Cleveland's Brian Sipe, who threw for four touchdowns and a team-record 444 yards as the Browns beat Baltimore 42–28. That defeat, coupled with the Jets' 19–3 loss to Seattle and New England's 24–22 defeat at Washington left Miami and Buffalo with the only winning records in the AFC East. The Bills beat Denver 9–7 on three Nick Mike-Mayer field goals, but the Dolphins still held on to the division lead by half a game despite losing 28–27 to Dallas. Danny White threw two touchdown passes in a 31-second span in the fourth quarter to clinch the Cowboy victory. Dallas thus kept close on the heels of NFC East leader Philadelphia, which beat Tampa Bay 20–10. Ron Jaworski passed for 121 yards and Tony Franklin hit two field goals as the Eagles ran their record to 7–1, best in the NFL. Kansas City took an outright lead in the AFC West by defeating Oakland 28–17. Chief rookie Halfback Billy Jackson rushed for three touchdowns and Linebacker Gary Spani stopped a last-minute Raider rally by returning a fumble 91 yards for another score.

GOLF—MIKE HOLLAND and VANCE HEAFNER won the $400,000 National Team Championship in Lake Buena Vista, Fla., by five strokes over Chip Beck and Rex Caldwell. The winning score in the 72-hole best-ball event was a 34-under-par 246.

HOCKEY—Islander Mike Bossy, playing in the 315th game of his career, scored his 250th goal, on a breakaway in the second period of a 6–4 victory over Washington. No other NHL player has attained that plateau in so few games. In discussing the feat Bossy said, "It doesn't mean that much to me. What really counts is contributing to the team every game"—which is pretty much what he has been doing. As the Islanders battled Philadelphia for the Patrick Division lead—Philly ended the week ahead by two points—Bossy had his fourth two-goal game of the season. This pair came in a 4–2 win over the hapless Capitals, who suffered their eighth loss in nine games this season. Center Matti Hagman was Edmonton's answer to Bossy as the Oilers won four straight to take a firm hold of the Smythe Division lead. Hagman scored once in a 5–4 win over Calgary and then had two goals and two assists in each of two victories, 5–2 over Hartford and 8–3 over Pittsburgh. Edmonton triumphantly finished off its week with boosts from other sources, as Mark Messier scored twice and Wayne Gretzky got a goal in a 3–1 defeat of Colorado. For Gretzky, it was the sixth time in the Oilers' last seven games that he scored. Quebec had 22 goals in winning three of four games. Peter Stastny and Real Cloutier each scored twice in a 6–3 Nordique win over Vancouver. Dale Hunter had a hat trick in a 5½ minute span and Cloutier put in two more goals in a 6–3 defeat of Washington, then Cloutier had a hat trick of his own, while Stastny again scored twice in beating Detroit 8–3. The victories briefly gave Quebec a share of the Adams Division lead with Boston, before the Nordiques and Bruins were edged out by Montreal, which closed the week by beating the Rangers 4–2. The Canadiens also defeated the Bruins for the 10th straight time at the Montreal Forum 7–0. The Bruins have not won there since 1976. Buffalo tied Winnipeg 2–2 on two Yvan Lambert goals and then beat Toronto 6–2 with help from a Tony McKegney hat trick, but the Sabres lost a chance to tie Montreal for the lead as they fell 6–3 to Minnesota. North Star Brad Maxwell scored twice in the win for the Norris Division leaders, who earlier in the week tied St. Louis 5–5 on a Dino Ciccarelli hat trick. Minnesota also beat Los Angeles 6–3 as Neal Broten scored twice for his sixth goal in six games. Winnipeg kept close behind the North Stars as it received superb help from its goalies. Doug Soetaert had 32 saves in a 5–5 tie with Chicago and Ed Staniowski had a total of 66 saves in a 2–2 tie with Buffalo and a 9–4 defeat of Los Angeles. Former Olympian Dave Christian had a hat trick during the latter match to score in his third straight game for the Jets.

HORSE RACING—Phillipe Paquet rode APRIL RUN ($7.20) to a ¾-length victory over Galaxy Libra in the $300,000 Turf Classic at Aqueduct. The 3-year-old filly covered the 1½ miles in 2:31⅘.

DEPUTY MINISTER ($5.20), Don MacBeth up, beat Laser Light by a nose to win the $191,000 Laurel (Md.) Futurity. The 2-year-old ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:44⅗.

D'ACCORD ($3.80), Darrell McHargue aboard, ran 1⅛ miles in 1:44⅖ to win the $151,750 Breeder's Futurity at Keeneland. The 2-year-old beat Lets Dont Fight by 7½ lengths.

MARATHON—In the New York City Marathon, ALBERTO SALAZAR won the men's division in a world record 2:08:13, and ALLISON ROE set a world mark of 2:25:29 in winning the women's competition (*page 46*)

TENNIS—BALAZ TAROCZY beat Eliot Teltscher 6–3, 1–6, 7–6 and PATRICIA PINTEROVA defeated Pam Casale 2–6, 6–4, 6–1 to win the $175,000 Japan-Asian Open titles in Tokyo.

SUE BARKER beat Mima Jausovec 4–6, 6–1, 6–1 to win a $125,000 tournament in Brighton, England.

IVAN LENDL won a $100,000 Grand Prix tournament in Vienna with a 1–6, 6–0, 6–1, 6–2 victory over Brian Gottfried.

PETER McNAMARA was declared the winner of a $142,000 indoor championship in Melbourne, Australia when defending champion Vitas Gerulaitas argued with officials over a line call and then quit playing in the final set with the score at 6–4, 1–6, 5–5.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: As manager of the New York Mets, GEORGE BAMBERGER, 56, who guided Milwaukee to a 235–180 record (1978 to 1980). He replaces the fired JOE TORRE, who last week signed on as manager of the Atlanta Braves.

As Manager of the Chicago Cubs, LEE ELIA, 44, who had been third-base coach for the Philadelphia Phillies.

TRADED: By the New York Knicks, Guard RAY WILLIAMS, 27, to the New Jersey Nets for Forward MAURICE LUCAS, 29.

DIED: TAFT WRIGHT, 70, who had a .311 career average in 11 seasons as an outfielder for the Senators, White Sox and Phillies, in Orlando, Fla.

CREDITS

6—Lana Stewart. **30,31**—Tony Triolo/ABC Sports. **32, 33**—Manny Millan (top); John Iacono (2). **34**—Manny Millan (top); Walter Iooss Jr. **35**—Ronald C. Modra. **36, 37**—John Iacono (top); Heinz Kluetmeier (bottom right); Walter Iooss Jr. (2). **38,39**—John Iacono (inset); Richard Mackson (5). **40**—Manny Millan (top); Heinz Kluetmeier. **46**—Jerry Cooke. **57**—Mike Maple. **48, 49**—Eric Schweikardt; (left) Mike Maple (right); George Tiedemann (2). **80**—Andy Hayt. **81**—Peter Read Miller. **83**—Andy Hayt. **82**—ABC Sports. **72**—Roy Hobson. **75**—Rich Clarkson. **79**—Jerry Wachter. **80, 81**—Carl Skalak. **181**—David Hancock. **182**—A Mamoun of the Rev. John Russell E.W.L. Davies (1883). **116**—Wrestling Division AAU (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



GREG GIBSON
Quantico, Va.

Gibson, 27, the AAU 220-pound champion in both freestyle and sambo wrestling, won a gold medal at the Sambo World Cup, a silver at the world freestyles and was fourth in his class at the world Greco-Romans—all in three weeks.



CURT GROSS
Butler, Pa.

Curt, 16, was 13–0 on the mound and .430 at the plate as he led the Lyn-Hi Cougars to the Mid-County Junior League championship. In the title-clinching 11–3 win he had two home runs and five RBIs, and pitched a four-hitter.



LO HUNTER
Wheat Ridge, Colo.

Hunter, 48, has coached the Evergreen High girls' volleyball team to three consecutive state titles and, with a recent 15–5, 15–5 defeat of Green Mountain High, set a national high school record for straight wins in the sport—94.



MIKE WALLACE
Fredonia, N.Y.

Wallace, a senior quarterback at Ohio Wesleyan, set three Division II-III NCAA passing records, including one for single-game completions (47) in a 49–34 loss to Denison. He was 36 for 57 with two TD passes in the second half.



DARBY COTTLE
Ty Ty, Ga.

Cottle, a junior shortstop at Florida State U., was voted MVP at the Amateur Softball Association Slow-Pitch Championships as she batted .470 in leading the Tomboys to the women's crown. She also paced FSU to the national collegiate title.



JAY TOLER
Franklin, Ill.

Jay, a senior at Franklin High, shattered seven clay pigeons in a row to win the Men's Quail Walk Event at the National Muzzle Loading championships in Friendship, Ind. He had been the event's junior titlist the last three years.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOW ABOUT THAT JINX

Sir

Being a true Arkansas Razorback fan, each year I believe that we will beat Texas. This year was no different. All the factors were in our favor. The Razorbacks hadn't played up to their potential, Texas had beaten Oklahoma handily and it was ranked No. 1 in both wire service polls (we all know what had happened to the three previous No. 1 teams). But the icing on the cake came on Friday before the Texas game when I found, to my pleasure, that SI had put the Longhorns on the cover of the Oct. 19 issue. I loved it! I knew the game was ours!

REITA RIMMER
Mayflower, Ark.

Sir

Just in case there's something to the jinx, please don't put the University of Arizona Wildcats on the cover. (How about Arizona State instead?)

DOUGLAS A. HOFFMANN
Tucson

Sir:

Don't put Penn State's Nittany Lions on your cover until after they've defeated Alabama, Notre Dame and Pitt.

FRANK J. MILKO
Richmond

Sir

How about doing a cover story on the next opponent of our beloved but unfortunate Seattle Seahawks? We're desperate for a victory.

MIKE CATE
Chehalis, Wash.

IN MEMORIAM

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on the Miami Dolphins (*New Names but Still No Names*, Oct. 12), though one thing puzzles me. I notice that on the back of his helmet each Miami player wears not only his own number but also a black square with the number 51 in it. What is the meaning of this?

JEFFREY SAKS
Beachwood, Ohio

• The number 51 was worn by Linebacker Rusty Chambers, a five-year Dolphin veteran, who died last July in an auto crash.—ED.

BEHIND THE PLATE

Sir:

You said that among Dwayne Crutchfield's other accomplishments (*A Collision Course with Destiny*, Sept. 28) was being named the All-City catcher in the Cincinnati high school area in 1978. That is wrong. My son, Dave Browning, a graduate of McNicholas High School, was the All-City catcher in Class AAA that year and Frank Hess was All-City in AAA, the only other category.

GARY D. BROWNING
Cincinnati, Ohio

FACE-OFF

Sir

First-class job on your "Hockey '81-82" package and the Wayne Gretzky article (*The Best and Getting Better*, Oct. 12).

You talk of Gretzky's knack of setting himself up behind his opponent's goal and making his plays from there—and say that this tactic is revolutionizing the game.

I have to disagree. Wayne is super at using the net, but I believe there was a No. 21 who played 20-odd years for Chicago and used the net in the same manner. I'm talking about Stan Mikita—Mr. Black Hawk.

JERRY WHITE
Ashland, Ohio

Sir:

E.M. Swift's *Sweet Lou from the Soo* (Oct. 12) was more than a first-class article on Lou Nanne. It also revealed what the NHL really needs, a good kick in the pants. What was once billed as "the world's fastest sport" is now but a snail-paced relic of the game in which such greats as Gordie Howe and Rocket Richard thrilled us with their speed, crisp passing and dazzling scoring rushes. Today, as Mr. Swift mentioned, hockey is spoiled by excessive line juggling, smothering the puck and, of course, violence, which is *not* essential. When memorable games and players of the past are discussed, they are seldom, if ever, remembered for 300-plus penalty minutes, but for fine play and sportsmanship that characterized the hockey of the day.

Only leaders like Lou Nanne have the brains, ideas and savvy to give the sleeping giant a much-needed shot in the arm.

CLARK JENSEN
Montreal

WAR GAMES

Sir:

In an age when an athlete's salary is as important as his statistics, Robert F. Jones's article (*Bang! Gotcha! You're Dead*, Oct. 19) was a breath of fresh air. A competition in which the only prize is the thrill of having participated is the ultimate game.

One quibble. Mr. Jones states that his "was probably the last generation of American boys whose favorite game was 'war.' " I am 22 years his junior and spent countless childhood days waging "war." I'd be a wealthy man today if I had a nickel for every time I yelled, "Bang! Gotcha! You're dead!"

CHRIS DEARDOLRFF
Greenville, Ohio

Sir

Mr. Jones's war game was great, but there has been a better war game in Covington, La. for the past seven years. Instead of paint balls, we use pump BB guns with the protection of fencing masks. The only injury I know of was getting shot in the hands when not wearing protective gloves.

TIM JOSEPH
Hammond, La.

Sir:

When I was a kid, I used to play war with my friends. "Bang! Gotcha! You're dead," we'd shout. It was fun. So when I got old enough, I enlisted in the Marines and volunteered for Vietnam. Only in Vietnam, when someone shouted, "Bang! Gotcha! You're dead," it wasn't fun anymore.

Now I teach history at a Quaker high school. Until last week, I used to read articles in SI about football and hockey and swimming. And that was fun. Then I read Robert F. Jones's article, and suddenly reading SI wasn't fun anymore.

Some people learn about war the hard way. And some people never learn.

WILLIAM D. EHRHART
Newtown, Pa.

Sir:

For four of us, playing "guns," as we called it, evolved into hunting each other with BB guns. We bundled up in winter clothing, with special emphasis on scarves and ear muffs. Our safety glasses were the old fashioned machinist's type with mesh sides. We hunted in a no-man's-land of scrub woods, abandoned farm fields, swamps and streams that were poised for suburbia and are now just that. The badge of courage was a *BB* that stuck in your cheek.

My mother wouldn't allow me to own a BB gun, so I had to borrow one. It was always an old single-shot type, had more power and greater accuracy than the more popular rapid-firing pump guns.

Late in the afternoon of the last day we played, I was lying behind a berm looking across a field, when one of the enemy suddenly stood up about 50 yards away. I squeezed off a shot before I got the message that he was calling time—end of combat.

When we got together he showed me where my shot had hit him—square on the bridge of his nose; he had already taken off his glasses. We rode our bikes home and later he came over to show me the BB he had picked out of the corner of his eye. I've never shot at anything but a target since.

FRED BARRETT
Portland, Ore.

continued

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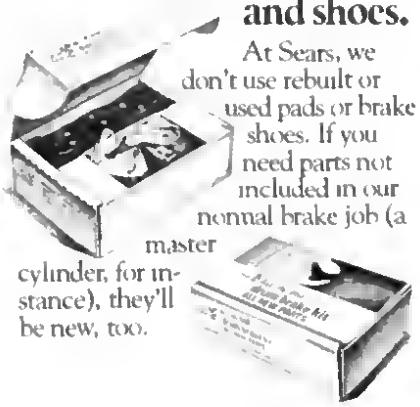
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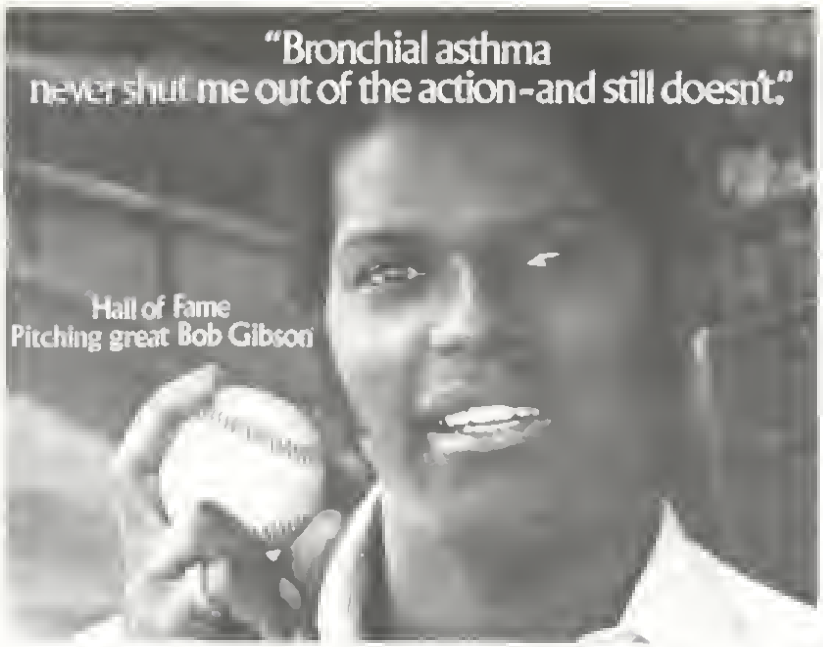
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DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Sir,

Dan Levin should be congratulated for staying on the trail of the meteoric Dr. Robert Arnot for more than a few hours (*What's Up? Doc.*, Oct. 19).

What a guy this Arnot is—roller-skating, windsurfing, cycling, running, flying, dancing and doctoring blithely along while the rest of us poor slobs worry and fret. If I could catch him, I'd grab him by the sleeve of his white coat and ask how much time he took with the family of that stroke victim before he went back and "worked the phones." It's all right, Bob. After all, you're a lot like all of us, except you're better at it. You live nowhere in particular and you do everything. By filling a life with constant activity, it's easy enough to ignore the fact that it's devoid of meaning.

For heaven's sake, there's an energy crisis on. This kind of showing off is just the new form of conspicuous consumption. Bob should learn to spend his resources more wisely. He might even consider stopping to smell the roses.

ROBERT W. OLDS, M.D.
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Dr. Robert Arnot may be a daring and fascinating fellow and a great deal more, but to this pilot he sounds like an accident looking for a place to happen.

After reading about his exploits, such as buzzing his lady friend's house, making a low-visibility approach to an airport while running out of fuel and flying at altitudes where decision-making abilities are severely impaired because of oxygen deprivation, I'm dead sure of one thing—I wouldn't fly with him. And knowing that he is charging along up there, blowing on his toy trumpet, romancing his companion and apparently paying more attention to a telephone conversation than to a controller, I'm even uneasy about sharing the same sky with him.

RICHARD W. MORSE
West Chester, Pa.

Sir:

Bob Arnot has to be one of the most complete and fulfilled human beings on this planet. Combining a genuine contribution to humanity with a passion for endurance sports must heighten this man's insight to levels I only wish I could experience.

BILL HOWARD
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

Dr. Robert Arnot is my idol. I want to be like him when I grow up.

ROB URBACH
Louisville

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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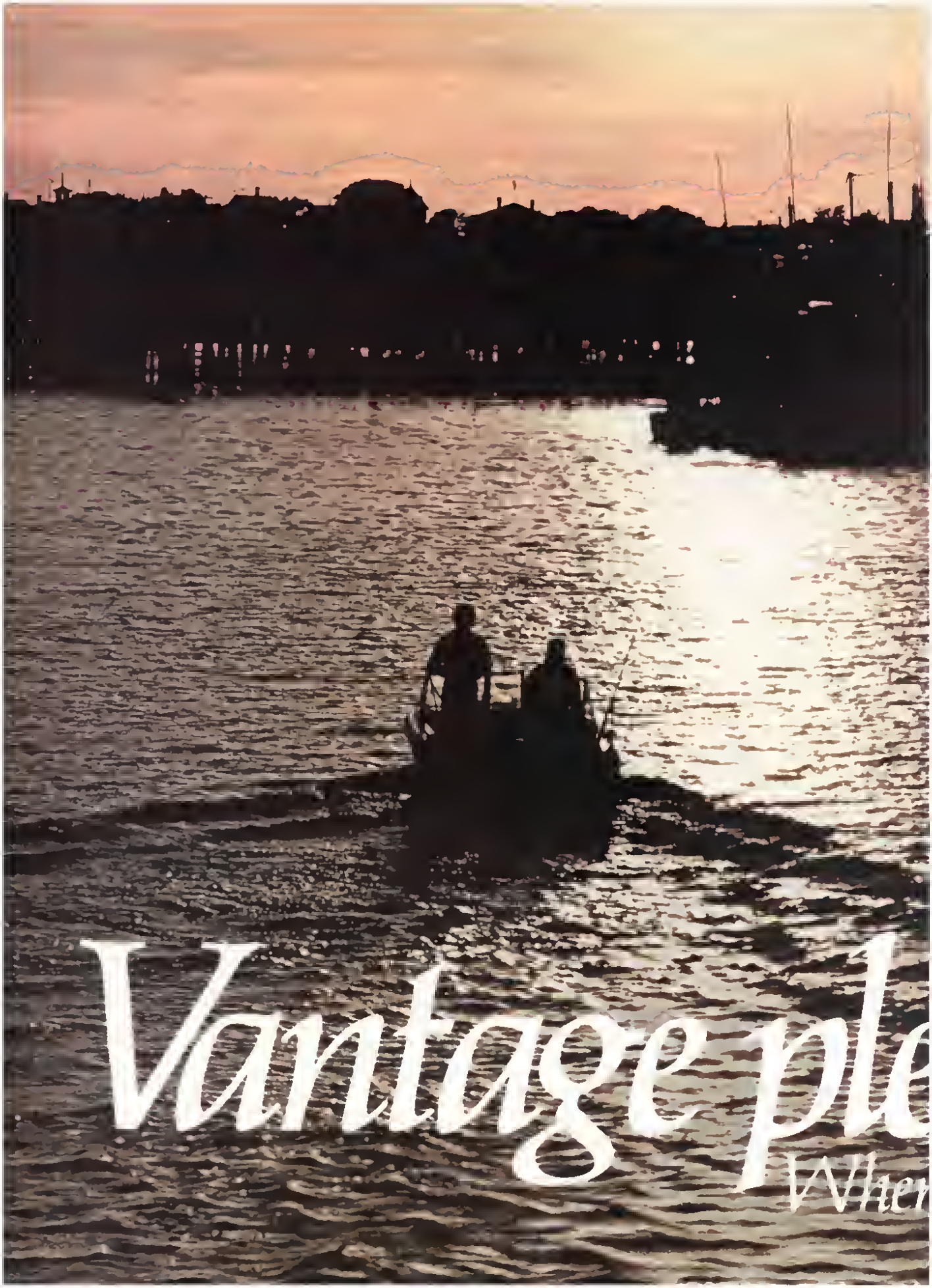
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